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A PLEA FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT.

Mr. Irving is reported to have said, somewhere and at some time, that the drama must pay as a business before it can flourish as an art; and this dictum has been hailed with delight by the fanatics of our commercial theatre as an authoritative judgment in their favor. Supply and Demand, the "great Twin-Brethren" of modern mythology, are held to be installed once for all in supremacy over the Muses, the high priest of the lesser deities having formally done homage at the shrine of the greater. For my part, I believe Mr. Irving has been misunderstood. I do not think he intended to lay down a general principle, but simply to state a particular fact as to the conditions of the English drama at the present day. If he intended his remark as an axiom, valid for all time, a glance at the theatrical history of Athens, Paris, Copenhagen, Vienna, and many minor German capitals, confutes it instantly. If, as I believe, he merely meant that a London manager cannot afford to play to empty benches in the interests of high art, he was obviously right. A State Theatre is not within the range of practical politics; an Endowed Theatre is an Alnaschar dream which seems to haunt everyone except the millionaire who could realise it; and until this stage-struck silver-king appears, it is clear that management must pay as a business before it can flourish as an art, for the simple reason that managers must live. Some playwrights may contest the necessity, just as some authors are apt to marvel at the tenacious prejudice which leads publishers to cling to their abhorred existence. But for the purposes of the present argument we may assume that the British manager must manage somehow to support life, and that he cannot do so upon an empty treasury.

The English drama, then, for the present and for an indefinite time to come, must pay as a business if it is to flourish, or rather if it is to exist, as an art. If taste comes into collision with supply and demand, so much the worse for taste. To this idea we have all resigned ourselves long ago. I am not even so Utopian as to suggest the possibility of partial sacrifices for the

sake of art. It is not in human nature that a manager who now clears £10,000 a year should content himself with £5,000, even if by this sacrifice he could initiate the most beneficent reforms—could break down the long-run system, create a school of accomplished and versatile actors, revive many masterpieces of our dramatic literature now dead to the stage, and foster an original and serious modern drama. Even if these ends were all attainable by such a sacrifice as I have indicated, it would be absurd to expect it, and we should merely waste time in discussing its possibility. We have managers who, as the French say, will throw money out at the windows in pursuit of scenic magnificence; but it is always in the confidence that it will return to them by the doors, and that with interest. I am far from proposing that any manager should run counter in the slightest degree to the dictates of supply and demand in order to further what we "bookish theorics" believe to be the true interests of English dramatic art. What I wish to ask is whether these interests might not be better furthered than they are at present without the sacrifice of a single farthing of profit. Are our managers, even the most successful, intelligently alive to the true conditions of their trade? Might not some of them, with no extra expenditure, unless of brain power, help on the English drama far more efficiently than at present? Are they always sensitive to what the public really demands? And do they recognize the undoubted fact that demand can be created, or at least modified by supply? Supposing that there are two ways of making £10,000 a year, one beneficient, the other noxious, to the English drama, can we trust our managers to choose the former and refuse the latter? I fear not.

Putting aside for the moment the question of money, let us enquire what should be, artistically, the chief end of management. On this, I take it, there can scarcely be two opinions. The intelligent manager of a dramatic theatre—dramatic in contradistinction to musical or music-hall—should make it his business to present to the English public a series of healthy and worthy English plays. English plays old and new of course; but his special thought and care should be directed towards the new plays, in which, the living dramatic instinct of the time bodies itself forth, poetically, realistically, melodramatically, humoristically. Revivals of all sorts and from all periods are good in their way, but life cannot be sustained by everlasting chewing of the cud. So, too, it is good to import from abroad whatever is worthy of importation; but no nation ever did or ever can find wholesome dramatic nourishment in foreign fare alone. The drama of the past we have, in some sort, always with us; it is an accomplished fact, and does not depend for its existence, nor even for its due appreciation upon presentation from day to day. The drama of our neighbors is no immediate concern of ours. However useful and delightful it may be to study the life and manners of other nations, we are

under an antecedent obligation to speak our own language and think our own thoughts. We want to see English ideals celebrated, English problems discussed, English manners depicted and criticised by English men and women. Given two plays of equal intrinsic merit, one French, the other English, the English play, by the mere fact of its being English, has clearly the first claim upon our attention. We do not live on French novels alone: why should we on French plays?

It may be said that this is a bygone condition of things; that the English stage has shaken off French domination, and that no English playwright of talent now finds his career closed against him by managerial prejudice or stupidity. That we are freeing ourselves from the supremacy of France is the very point on which I wish chiefly to insist. My contention is that our managers do not see how rapidly the yoke is falling from our shoulders, and do not realize that it is their interest as well as their duty to hasten instead of retarding the process. If the stage is to maintain its present popularity, much more if it is to become a really national institution, uniting all classes in a common love of art, the existing germs of an English school of dramatic authorship must by all means be fostered, and we must learn to produce, from day to day, the staple of our daily sustenance. We cannot live much longer on our forefathers and our neighbours. A few theatres may, indeed, continue to find useful and profitable employment in revivals and adaptations; but the manager who wishes to be abreast of the times and to secure an honorable place in dramatic history will make his theatre neither an old curiosity-shop nor an emporium of Parisian novelties, but a hospitable home for the living English drama.

Let us glance at the record of some of our leading managers, and see what they have done for English dramatic authorship.

Mr. Irving's services to the drama as a whole deserve the warmest recognition, but what has Mr. Irving, as a manager, done for the British playwright? Surely not much. Before his accession to the throne he made, or at least confirmed, the reputation of Mr. Wills; since he has been monarch of all he surveys he has produced one new play, and one only, to wit, *The Cup*. Two acts, and two *such* acts, though signed with so great a name!—a rich harvest, truly, for eight years of management. For the rest, we have had revivals of Shakespeare, Mrs. Cowley, Colman, Bulwer Lytton, Boucicault, Albery, and Wills, and the last-named playwright has been permitted to perpetrate a parody of *Faust*, in which the countrymen of Shakespeare may be said to have avenged with interest Goethe's maltreatment of *Romeo and Juliet*. This policy has no doubt justified itself in pounds, shillings, and pence, or rather in pounds, dollars, and cents; but is it clear that Mr. Irving's coffers would have been a drachm the lighter had he swerved once or twice from this

cautious hugging of "the shores of old romance," and steered boldly into the ocean of novelty? We have heard—he himself has told us—of new plays he has secured, plays by Mr. Merivale, Mr. Wills, Mr. Frank Marshall, and others; but they have every chance of attaining a venerable antiquity before they see the footlights. If a play by mere keeping matured into a classic, Mr. Irving would be a benefactor to present-day playwrights; as it is, he merely stops the way for them. "Consider my services to Shakespeare," he may say, and they are indeed worthy of all consideration. But would Shakespeare have suffered had a new play been substituted for *The Iron Chest*, or *The Lady of Lyons*, or *The Corsican Brothers*, or *Faust?* "I dare not risk a failure," he may again urge; and this is an argument which meets us at every turn. I shall attempt a general answer to it later on; as regards Mr. Irving in particular, it is sufficient to remark that the man who can risk *Faust*, and make a great success of it, can risk anything.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has assuredly deserved well of the English drama. He produced Mr. Bronson Howard's best play (for the purposes of the present argument no distinction need be drawn between Americans and Englishmen), and he may almost be said to have discovered Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. H. A. Jones. But for his insight and enterprise these now popular playwrights might have spent years in forcing themselves to the front, and might even have given up the battle in despair. This must always be remembered to Mr. Wilson Barrett's credit, and it must be remembered, too, that his insight and enterprise have met with their reward, the manager who has trusted most to English authors having been among the most successful of his day. Latterly, one regrets to add, Mr. Barrett has succumbed to the chief temptation of the actor-manager, and has sought to impose his own crude conceptions upon the playwrights who work for his theatre. It is a natural illusion, but an illusion nevertheless, which leads a successful actor-manager to imagine himself a heaven-born dramatist, lacking only the faculty of literary expression. He has placed on the stage one, two, three successful plays, which have been cut down here, there written up, at his suggestion, and which he believes, perhaps rightly, to owe a large part of their success to this manipulation. The one point on which Mr. Jones and Mr. Herman agreed, in their recent regrettable controversy as to the authorship of *The Silver King*, was that Mr. Wilson Barrett helped greatly to lick the play into shape during rehearsal. Thus led to place implicit faith in his own instict for dramatic effect, and especially feeling confident that he himself knows better than any one else the particular situations, costumes, attitudes, tirades, which suit him as an actor, the manager asks himself, "Why should not I take the initiative, tell my playwrights exactly what I want, get my plays written to order, and add the laurels of authorship to those

which already load my intellectual brow?" The answer to this question is simply that a very good critic may be a very bad creator. The manager who, in staging a play, suggests judicious modifications, is in the position of a critic, nothing more. When he brings his playwright a plot (or more often a mere set of out-worn or impossible situations), and says, "Write me the text to this conception," he aspires to be a creator. More presumptuous than Apelles' cobbler, he not only criticises above the boot, he actually seeks to outline the picture, saying to the artist, "Come, colour me this!" Of course there is no reason in the nature of things why an excellent manager and tolerable actor should not be a praiseworthy playwright as well. Shakespeare and Molière, actor-managers in their day, are held to have written some creditable dramas. But Mr. Wilson Barrett has given no proof of being a Shakespeare, or even a Jones. On the contrary, he has collaborated with Mr. Jones in two plays, with Mr. Grundy in one, all three having this feature in common, that they are greatly inferior to the average work produced by Mr. Jones and Mr. Grundy without Mr. Barrett's collaboration. It is surely reasonable to presume that the two constant elements in the case—inferiority and Mr. Barrett's interference—are connected in the relation of effect and cause. I am much mistaken, too, if an appeal to that infallible standard, the managerial ledger, would not enforce my assertion of the marked inferiority of *Hoodman Blind*, and the almost total worthlessness of *The Lord Harry*. The rhetorical vigor and scenic picturesqueness of *Clito*, combined with Miss Eastlake's admirable acting, may make it a genuine success, but the fact remains that Mr. Barrett's scenic instinct, instead of producing a good play, has merely blunted that keen sense of theatrical logic which used to be Mr. Grundy's chief merit.

Mr. Bancroft is no longer on the active list of managers, but a glance at the history of his career at the Haymarket is essential to my argument. During the five years of his management how many original English plays did he produce? One only. He opened with a revival of *Money*, he closed with a revival of *Masks and Faces* (which has been twice revived in the interim), he revived and re-revived the Robertsonian repertory, he revived *The Rivals*, he revived *Peril and Diplomacy*, he revived everything that could be revived, and some things (as it proved) that could not; and for the rest what did he do? Why, he paid large sums to Monsieur Victorien Sardou or his agents, not in the first instance for his plays themselves, but for the refusal of plays as yet unwritten. In these plunges into the Sardou lottery he secured two prizes, *Odette* (if that can be called a (prize) and *Fédora*. He also drew at least one blank of the very blankest, *Daniel Rochat* to wit. This buying of French pigs in a poke is surely as unbusinesslike as it is unpatriotic. Might not the £500 or £600 paid for the refusal of *Daniel Rochat* have been ex-

pended to better purpose in giving the public the refusal of an English play by an English author? Supposing they *did* refuse it (and they have been known to refuse even the French plays accepted by Mr. Bancroft) the author would at least have gained experience and might succeed better in a second attempt; whereas Sardou, who can sell his plays to English managers, sometimes twice over, whether they suit the English market or not, has certainly learnt no lesson from the failure of *Odette* and the rejection of *Daniel Rochat*. Mr. Bancroft has assured us that his one English play, Mr. Pinero's *Lords and Commons*, though it did not run long, was a financial success; which gives us all the more reason to enquire with astonishment why the successful experiment was never repeated. But even supposing it to have been a financial failure, we may still ask why Mr. Pinero should not have been given an opportunity of profiting by his experience, and taking his revenge, as the French say, in a success. No manager of the smallest insight would place the failure or slight success of a play of such obvious ability as *Lords and Commons* to Mr. Pinero's discredit. It was simply the fortune of war. Augier himself has had his disasters; Sardou has many a time been routed with great loss. And Mr. Pinero is only one of four or five playwrights to whom Mr. Bancroft might surely have applied, not for pigs in pokes, but for plays specially fashioned to suit himself and his wife, his company and his audiences. There is no reason why a manager in Mr. Bancroft's position, in ordering a play of Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Merivale, should not lay down certain specifications as to subject, length, number of characters, manner of treatment, &c. This is a quite different matter from Mr. Wilson Barrett's claim to collaborate with any author whom he admits into his theatre. In ordering a racing yacht of Mr. White, of Cowes, I may quite reasonably stipulate for a certain tonnage and draught, but I do not insist on laying down her lines any more than on hammering the planks and upholstering the saloon. If I am a man of special experience in yatch-sailing, I may even consult with the builder over details in the designs; but I do not on that account announce that I have collaborated with him. I may have an effective voice in the rigging of the ship, the weight of the spars, the cut of the sails, and so forth; and this is strictly analagous to the manager's function in staging the play. When at last she is ready for me, it is my business to sail the yacht so as to win the cup. In this I may fail, sometimes through a fault in the build or the rigging, sometimes through my own bad seamanship, sometimes by the merest chance, the snapping of a rope, the breaking of a spar, a sudden squall, or a sudden calm; but in that case I do not at once despair of English yacht-building, and rush off to France to give an unlimited order, with a large retaining fee in advance, to the fashionable shipwright of Havre or Honfleur.

With changed names the same tale is to be told of Messrs. Hare and Kendal. They have produced two original plays by Mr. Pinero, *The Money-Spinner* and *The Squire*, and one by Lord Tennyson, *The Falcon*. I can recall no other English plays, except one or two comediettas by Mr. Theyre Smith, which have seen the light under their management at the St. James's. Even their revivals have been mainly adaptations—*Still Waters Run Deep*, *A Scrap of Paper*, *A Quiet Rubber*, *The Queen's Shilling*, *Home*, *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*. They have also revived *As You Like It* and *Black-eyed Susan*, modernised by Mr. Wills. With the exceptions above-named and one other (a worthless American play named *Young Folks' Ways*), the novelties produced under their management have all been adaptations from the French. *Coralie*, *The Cape Mail*, *Impulse*, *The Ironmaster*, *Mayfair*, *Antoinette Rigaud*—in all these plays has Mrs. Kendal been forced to devote her splendid and specifically English talent and temperament to the representation of characters which, even when they masqueraded under English names, were foreign in thought and sentiment to all that was best and most genuine in her nature. There are few sadder sights on the modern stage than to see Mrs. Kendal, the very embodiment of healthy, homely, gracious English womanhood, writhing through the sickly-sentimental Coralies and Claires of the new Gymnase school of drama. She plays these characters admirably, in parts superbly, and, custom having become a second nature, she may even imagine herself truly at home in them. Yet her career is but a splendid exile, so to speak; she does not express her native feelings in her mother tongue; and thus her talent fails to strike its purest note, to utter its finest eloquence, to develop its rarest charm, to assert its specific value. Susan in *William and Susan*, "the Squire," Monna Giovanna in *The Falcon*, and one or two exceptionally sane characters in French adaptations (as for instance in *A Scrap of Paper* and *The Queen's Shilling*), these are the parts in which one thinks of her most gratefully. Why does she not, before it is too late, take measures to add to this list? Are there no English playwrights capable of fitting this greatest of English actresses with a worthy English character? Mr. Pinero has proved that he can do so; Mr. Grundy and Mr. Jones, we may be sure, would ask for nothing better than to be suffered to try their strength in an original play for such actors as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare. But no! it is useless to hope for an English play at the St. James's. When *Antoinette Rigaud* has had its dull day we are to be treated to D'Ennery's *Martyre*, a belated specimen of outworn emotional drama. Thus we go the round—from the Gymnase to the decadent Français, from the Français to the Ambigu, from the Ambigu to the Vaudeville, from the Vaudeville back to the Gymnase. We

must exhaust the dregs of the French drama before we attempt to skim the cream of our own.

The fact is—and to this fact I would specially beg the attention of the British manager—the fact is that we are in good sooth getting to the dregs of the French drama. It is only the work of the third and fourth rate men which now serves our peculiar purposes. The age of the *pièce bien faite* after the formula of Scribe has come to an end. Plays are now no longer mere neatly articulated dummies on which the costume of any nation can be fitted by dint of a little taking-in here and letting-out there. The taut and trim cat's-cradle intrigue which could be slipped from the fingers of the French author to those of the English adapter, with the change of only a loop or two, is now looked upon as a bygone childish thing. All the leading playwrights have of late shown themselves culpably careless of plot, and have concentrated their attention upon things undreamt of in Scribe's philosophy—observation, analysis, and the ventilation of ideas. Who are now the leaders of the French stage? Augier has practically ceased to write, and even if he had not, his plays were always too firmly rooted to their native soil to be easily transplanted. Dumas still preaches his preposterous ethics in his realistico-romantic fashion; but what play of Dumas's has ever paid the cost of translation? Madame Modjeska drew the town for some time to *La Dame aux Camélias;* but I can recall no other instance in which Dumas has spelt anything but deficit to the managerial treasury—witness *L'Etrangère, Monsieur Alphonse, La Princesse Georges.* Undeterred by experience, our impresarios have been bidding against each other for the right to play *Denise*, and sooner or later we are sure to be treated to a version of that ponderous production. What do we care for M. Dumas's discussion and solution of the question whether a man may marry a woman who has been betrayed by another man? For my part, I believe most potently in the discussion of social problems on the stage, but this problem is quite incapable of any general solution; and even if it were not, the views of M. Dumas on the question can at best interest us as curiosities, so fundamentally do French morals, of which M. Dumas's are, after all, but an eccentric variation, differ from English. It is probable, of course, that the adapter will omit both the problem and its solution, retaining the situations while suppressing their motives, as though a smuggler, despairing of getting his cargo through the cordon, were to let the cognac run out and land the empty barrels. We have seen many such attempts to palm off upon the public the mere hulls of the French drama, tapped of their spirit; but the success of the device has always been of the scantiest. And if Dumas is impossible, Sardou has become scarcely less so. He has, in fact, taken to imitating Dumas and playing the moralist. *Daniel Rochat* and *Georgette* are unavailable in England in the exact degree in which they

depart from the formula of Scribe. In *Fédora*, on the other hand, Sardou has temporarily resumed allegiance to his master. It is *une pièce bien faite* if ever there was one, well made in the sense in which *Adrienne Lecouvreur* and *Dora* are well made. But is it worth while to pay M. Sardou large sums for his unwritten plays on the chance that he may try back to Scribe instead of pressing forward with Dumas? Of his five recent plays—*Daniel Rochat*, *Divorçons*, *Fédora*, *Théodora*, and *Georgette*—one only has been found worth attempting on our stage. The manager who buys M. Sardou's pigs in a poke may be said with perfect accuracy to pay for their refusal. M. Pailleron has been from the first unadaptable to the English stage, M. Gondinet, except in pure farce, scarcely less so; and from MM. Meilhac and Halévy we need hope for no more *Frou-frous* or even *Cigales*. The Censor bars the way for M. Zola's crude naturalism, for M. Daudet's sentimental realism, and much more for the paradoxical cynicisms of M. Becque, than whom Ibsen is not more impossible in England. Thus we find the upper strata of French dramatic life becoming more and more barren of Anglicisable plays; it is only in the lower levels, the dregs aforesaid, that our Gallomaniac managers can hope to come across digestible matter. The school of romantico-sentimental mediocrities, of whom M. Feuillet is the master, with MM. Ohnet, Claretie, and Deslandes as his disciples, continues to minister to that thirst for the commonplace which makes the whole world kin. If any one cares to adapt *Chamillac* (a failure at the Français) it will doubtless prove adaptable, though scarcely remunerative. If the prayers of a grateful bourgeoisie avail to prolong M. Ohnet's career, we may doubtless look to him for many more *Ironmasters* and *Enemies*. M. Claretie's *Prince Zilah*, though it was snapped up with avidity by the St. James's management, has apparently been found too trivial to serve as successor even to M. Deslandes' *Antoinette Rigaud*, in which the deepest depth of the commonplace seemed to have been sounded; but unless M. Claretie's new dignity interferes with his literary labors we need not despair of his hitting the golden mean of banality in subsequent efforts. To this school, then, our managers may look with confidence for a certain amount of available matter, such as it is; but the question then comes to be, if we are content with sentimental mediocrities, why go to France for them? We may not be able to grow our own Augiers, but a very little managerial fostering should surely suffice to produce a plentiful crop of Ohnets.

The moral of all this is that, as matters now stand, the manager who persists in rushing to Paris for his novelties is altogether behind the age. When he wants a new play let him go to Mr. Pinero, or Mr. Bronson Howard, or Mr. Grundy, or Mr. Jones, or Mr. Sims, instead of to Dumas, or Sardou or Ohnet, or D'Ennery; he is much more likely to get the article he requires in London than in Paris.

When a Frenchman produces a play which is obviously suited to the English stage, let us have it by all means; but it is shortsighted foolishness to scramble for foreign productions, four out of five of which are totally unavailable, while the very thing we want is being produced at home, and would be produced much more freely but for the forced and futile foreign competition. A Jones in the hand is worth two Sardous in the bush—that is the proverbial philosophy of the matter.

The history of the Court Theatre and of the present management at the Haymarket tells the same tale, to wit, that from a business point of view new plays are better than revivals, and original plays than adaptations. Messrs. Clayton and Cecil have revived play after play with scant success—*New Men and Old Acres*, *All for Her*, *Play*, *Engaged*, &c., &c.—and have produced some adaptations—*Honour*, *Devotion*, *The Opal Ring*, &c.—with still less acceptance. Their successes have been made with new and original plays, such as *The Parvenu*, and *Young Mrs. Winthrop;* while their faith in Mr. Pinero, unshaken by the failure of *The Rector*, has enabled them to strike a richly auriferous vein in *The Magistrate* and *The Schoolmistress*. Messrs. Russell and Bashford, commencing with a semi-success in *Dark Days*, next displayed a total lack of managerial instinct in permitting *Nadjezda*, a crude American melodrama, to flaunt its tedious repulsiveness on the Haymarket stage. Revivals of *Engaged* and *She Stoops to Conquer* left them still deeper in the lough of despond, from which at last *Jim the Penman* a new and original English play, seems to have rescued them.

The mention of *Jim the Penman* reminds me that in this plea for the playwright I have as yet stated the case only of our handful of known and tried dramatic authors, and have said no word for the Great Unacted. Sir Charles Young's drama, if I am rightly informed, was passed from theatre to theatre, and rejected on every hand, until the misfortunes of the Haymarket management afforded a chance opening for it; and among the piles of unacted plays by unknown authors which litter the manager's room in every popular theatre, there are doubtless some which, like *Jim the Penman*, require only a fair hearing to make the writer's name and fill the manager's treasury. It is true that the amateur playwright is, as a rule, a hopeless phenomenon, and that much reading of amateur plays is apt to induce a cynical and even misanthropic habit of mind. Men who, in their ordinary walks of life, are perhaps capable and intelligent beyond the average, when they are seized with the itch of dramatic authorship seem often to be afflicted, as a concomitant symptom, with a peculiar childishness or even imbecility. Out of the thousand manuscript plays (a low estimate) which we may suppose to be at present languishing mute and inglorious either in the unknown authors'

desks or in the vasty receptacles of the managers, there are probably no more than ten which would repay presentation. Out of these ten, perhaps three or four are by men of genuine talent who, given fair opportunities, would prove effective recruits to our little squad of militant playwrights; not a large number certainly (I am anxious not to make my estimate over-sanguine), but sufficient to affect for the better conditions of dramatic authorship in England. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Even now the coming playwright, the man whom in the year 1900 or thereabouts we shall greet as the English Augier, may be knocking idly at stage-door after stage-door, his pockets bulging with rejected manuscripts. He will come—I had almost said as a thief in the night, but that would suggest adaptive tendencies from which I trust he will be free. At all events, it behoves the astute manager to be eagerly on the look-out for the coming man or men, if only on the purely selfish ground that the first discoverer of a new power is generally able to exploit it, for a time at least, greatly to his own advantage.

It will be said, and I believe with truth, that no intelligent manager nowadays fails to read, or at least to "sample," every manuscript which comes in his way. But the manuscripts of unknown authors are as a rule opened with an unfavorable predisposition. Managers read to reject, rather than to accept. At the first sign of crudity and inexperience the play is cast aside as impossible; and many good plays are declined because they conflict with some preconceived notion on the manager's part as to what the public wants. Most of these prejudices are pure superstitions. The public wants to be amused and interested—in short, it wants good plays—and if it gets one it does not inquire too curiously as to the precise formula after which it is compounded. It is quite true that only a very few plays by entirely untried authors are ready to be put on the stage just as they are, dramatic writing not being a craft in which masterpieces can be produced by men who have served no apprenticeship. The object of the alert impresario should be to recognise the promise of inexperienced writers and to afford them the opportunity of acquiring experience. French managers are fully alive to this principle. In how many cases has the author of a promising but crude first attempt been introduced by discerning manager to one or other of the recognized master-playwrights of the day, with whom he has collaborated either on his own theme or on others! Here, if such a thing is attempted at all, it is the manager himself (in no sense a master-playwright) who insists on collaborating with the young author—a proceeding, by the way, which is strictly forbidden by the regulations of the French Dramatic Authors' Society. Again, if a discriminating manager finds traces of ability even in a quite impossible play, might he not reasonably send for the

young author and say, "This attempt won't do, my friend; but suppose you write me another play, avoiding this or that error, fulfilling this or that condition, keeping in view the requirements of such and such an actor or such and such an audience"? Some effort of this kind to foster rising talent would surely be politic financially as well as artistically. Yet when was an English manager known to make the experiment? It would demand no outlay save that of brains; and, given a little discernment on the part of the manager, it would be far more likely to lead to success than a blindfold scramble for unwritten French plays. Management would become more of an art, less of a game of chance; thus losing its charm, no doubt, for some managers who would probably say, with the pyrotechnic page in Mr. Pinero's farce, "it's the 'orrid uncertainty wot I craves after."

The "'orrid uncertainty," indeed, can never be entirely eliminated, for the strongest judgment will now and then err, and accident may stultify the most consummate skill. At the same time nothing can be more futile than the reasoning of those managers who think to minimise the danger by going to France for plays which have already stood the test of presentation. "We dare not risk a failure," they say, "and plays which have pleased the audiences of the Français or the Gymnase are much more likely than untried works to please our Haymarket or St. James's public." This is a superstition for which there is no theoretical basis, and which has repeatedly disproved itself in practice. Five out of six of the plays which please French audiences are seen at a glance to be impossible on this side of the channel. Two out of three of those which seem fit for transplantation languish and die in our inhospitable soil. The selection of a French play, in short, demands quite as great an effort of judgment as the selection of an English play. It is a delusion to suppose that the chances of a piece seen in Paris can be forecast with more ease and accuracy than the chances of a piece read in London. The manager who holds this opinion simply confesses his infirmity of judgment, and must be prepared to "risk" and endure many a failure whether he will or no.

Lastly, a word as to the validity of this managerial maxim: "We dare not risk a failure." Taken literally, it is a self-destructive absurdity which, if consistently acted upon, would repress all dramatic development, and yet lead to abject failure after all. The principle it starts from is that public taste is stationary, that what succeeds yesterday will succeed again to-day, and yet again to-morrow; whereas the opposite principle is the more generally valid, namely, that what the public demanded yesterday it will to-morrow reject as tedious and old-fashioned. The truth is, that the manager who waits for public taste to formulate itself clearly, and who accepts to-day's formulation of it as valid for all time, is like a cook who

lacks the imagination to draw out a bill of fare, and serves up pancakes every day of the year because his customers ordered them on Shrove Tuesday. Supply begets demand, and appetite comes in eating. The manager who succeeds in the long run is he who creates and stimulates public taste; and in doing so he must be prepared to risk occasional failures. Not every dish of the most inventive *chef* finds equal acceptance among his patrons; but he does not on that account eschew all novelty and serve up partridge and Strasburg patty in perpetual rotation.

At the same time it is perfectly true that under our present system failure is apt to be unduly disastrous. The luxury of appointments which modern taste demands renders every new production a great investment, which it requires great success to repay with usance. Moreover, the critics and the public have come to be unwisely, if not superstitiously, intolerant of failure. A theatre which has scored one or two "frosts" easily falls into disrepute and is handicapped in the race, so that managers will often incur heavy loss in cloaking a failure, rather than boldly acknowledge it and spend the same amount in bidding for a success. This absence of a middle way between sensational success and total failure, whether avowed or concealed, is one of the most serious evils to which the English stage is at present subject. Production is cramped by it, development hindered. Might not some intelligent manager subserve his own profit as well as the public interest by an attempt to open up and utilise such a middle way? Might he not start a theatre with the expressed intention of producing new plays by English authors, known and unknown, putting them on the stage economically yet appropriately, so that a comparatively short run would recoup his outlay? Might he not deliberately refuse to exploit success to the very last gasp by running them without interruption for three, four, or five hundred nights, adopting, instead, the principle of frequent alterations of programme, and so, it may be, enabling a good play to live for ten years, instead of one? Might he not, in carrying out such an enterprise with spirit and ability, rely upon the active support of at least an intelligent minority of the public, who would recognise and do their best to reward his efforts to advance the best interests of the English stage? I think the experiment would be worth trying, though I fully recognise that it would demand two "conditions precedent" not always attainable in these days. It would demand capital and brains; and the former, though the less essential of the two, would probably be the more readily forthcoming.

WILLIAM ARCHER.
—*Fortnightly Review.*

RECENT SHAKESPEARE-BACON LITERATURE.

(*Conclusion.*)

BY W. H. WYMAN.

295 BACON OR SHAKESPEARE? Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's Wide Ingenious Theory. By J. A. TRUESDELL. In the *Post*, Washington, D. C., April 12, 1885. 3 columns. *Anti-Sh.*

Mr. Donnelly's cipher theory, on which he has labored for four years, is founded upon the imperfections of the Folio of 1623. We give a condensed explanation of it in his own words:

"I took down my Bacon and read in his *De Augmentis* what he had to say about ciphers. * * * I found that he preferred a cipher of words, and laid down the rule that the writing infolded should bear a quintuple relation to the writing infolding, *omnia per omnia*. I then began to read the plays to find evidence of a cipher. * * *

"I turned to the folio of 1623. * * * Mark what I found: 1. Irregular paging. 2. Arbitrary italicizing. 3. Meaningless bracketing. 4. Senseless hyphenation. * * *

"For instance, the Second part of *Henry Fourth* ends on page 100. *Henry the Fifth* follows on the next page, and that is page 69. *Henry the Eighth* ends on page 232. *Troilus and Cressida* follows, and the page number is 77. The latter play is paged on to page 80, and there the paging ceases. * * *

"Italics are used very queerly in this edition * * seldom are used for emphasis, and are often employed where no reason appears for it." * * * In the same way, hyphens are used without rhyme or reason. On pages 74 and 75 of this play occur twenty-four hyphens; on pages 72 and 73 there are five. For none of them is there a sound reason in the necessities of the text. * * * The bracketed words in Shakespeare have been a stumbling stone to students from the start. They are left out of our modern editions, so clearly have they nothing to do with the meaning of the lines.

"What was more natural than for me to think that all this had something to do with the cipher which I supposed might exist in the text? I counted up all these peculiarities and began to use them as factors in the problem. For instance, by multiplying the numbers of the pages into the numbers of italicized words on the first few pages of *Henry the Fourth*, second part, I got this significant result:

4×56=224—the 224th word was "Francis."
7×53=371—the 371st word was "Bacon."
6×67=402—the 402d word was "St. Albans."
10×74=740—the 740th word was "volume."
12×74=888—the 888th word was "plays."
11×76=836—the 836th word was "found."
11×76=836—counting from the next page "out" resulted.

It will be noticed, as Mr. Donnelly says, that "the multiples do not always bring out the words in their order." For instance, the word "Bacon" above occurs on page 53; while the word "Francis," which is supposed to precede it in the cipher, appears later, on page 56. In explanation of this want of arrangement, Mr. D. says: "The rest of my rule relates to re-arranging in proper order the transposed words." This rule is to be given when his book is published.

The above is as good an example of the mathematical processes of Mr. Donnelly's cipher as our space will allow. He claims, in short, that the imperfections of the Folio—a book very badly printed, even for those days—with the singular use of italics, hyphens, brackets, and the irregular pagination, are intentional, and together constitute the cipher.

A criticism of the cipher theory appeared in the Chicago Weekly *News*, April 12, 1885, by W. M. P.

"Having made the necessary assumption, and with the key of the cipher in hand, it would be just as easy to find the Mulligan letters in one of Shakespeare's plays, as to find what Mr. Donnelly has announced in his captivating way."

296 SHAKESPEARE OR BACON? Anonymous. In the Leeds (Eng.) *Mercury*, January 10, 1885. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

On the Donnelly theory the writer is skeptical. Of Mrs. Pott's works he says;

"In any event they are calculated, and that apart from the controversy they raise, to increase the admiration of Englishmen for him who is eulogized by Walton, as "the Secretary of Nature and all learning." And Mrs. Pott will have done good work if she but stir up some one of the many capable champions on the other side to show that though Bacon may have been the incomparable scholar and philosopher of his time, yet Shakespeare, whatever else he was deficient in, was the Master (to quote Young) of "the two books the last conflagration can alone destroy —the Book of Nature and that of Man."

297 DONNELLY'S "DISCOVERY." By WM. J. ROLFE. In the *Literary World* (*Shakespeariana*), Boston, May 16, 1885. 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Rolfe gives a few instances of what he claims are the inconsistencies of the cipher theory, and promises it further attention when the book comes out.

A similar article will be found in the *Literary World* of Nov. 29, 1884, on the first announcement of the cipher. In this Mr. Rolfe is disposed to treat the subject facetiously. He mentions a friend—a Shakespearian and a mathamatician—who has also been at work four years evolving a cipher from the plays, but with an entirely different result. His theory is that Shakespeare had a suspicion that Bacon or somebody else might some day try to rob him of his works, and he "introduced the name [Bacon] for the express purpose of interweaving this significant sentence into the texture of the drama, 'Francis—Bacon—did—not—write—this—play.'"

298 DER SHAKESPEARE-MYTHUS. William Shakespeare und die Autorschaft der Shakespeare-Dramen, von APPLETON MORGAN. Autorisite deutsche Bearbitung von KARL MÜLLER-MYLIUS. Leipzig; F. A. Brockhaus, 1885. 8vo., pp. 306. *Anti-Sh.*

Dr. Müller's translation of Mr. Morgan's *Shakespearian Myth*. It is accompanied by a preface of his own, and a new chapter—Part VII: *Eine Theorie der Herausgeberschaft*—(AN EDITORIAL THEORY) pages 257–299, supplied by Mr. Morgan. An extract from Dr. Müller's preface:

"In order to give German readers some notion of this highly important and

interesting question, I have chosen from the abundant and valuable literature this book, which is the richest in material and the most objective in style, namely, the original of this translation. It is the work of an American lawyer, who is a profound connoisseur and a sincere admirer of Shakespearian works, and possesses such a thorough knowledge of Shakespearian literature as few German scholars have attained. His doubts as to the authorship he states clearly and thoughtfully, cleverly and impartially, and establishes them in a manner which can scarcely be successfully combated. * * * Above all, he offers so extraordinarily much in facts, views, notes and testimony that is new, or at least little known, that his book under any circumstances forms one of the most valuable contributions to Shakespearian literature and Shakespearian knowledge; and even his opponents will be thankful to him for the fruit of his labor."

299 THE AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKESPEARE AND JOHN WARD'S DIARY. In the *Current*, Chicago, May 23, 1885. 3 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

This refers to a newly-discovered copy of the Second Folio, containing an entry inserted with the name of John Ward, and also a claimed autograph of Shakespeare pasted on the fly-leaf. The book is now owned by Mr. C. F. Gunther, of Chicago. The writer claims that Ward's entries in his Diary in 1663 are strong evidence of Shakespeare's authorship.

300 DER SHAKESPEARE-MYTHUS. By OTFRID MYLIUS, [DR. KARL MÜLLER]. In *Das Magazin für die Litteratur des In-und Auslandes*. Leipzig and Berlin, May 2, 1885. pp. 2. *Anti-Sh.*

In this, Dr. Müller instances, all the authorities, laying great stress, also upon the forthcoming book of Mr. Donnelly's.

301 DID FRANCIS BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE? A paper read at a meeting of the Dulwich Eclectic Club, April 24, 1885, by FRANCIS FEARON, M. A., London: R. Banks & Son, 1885. pp. 31. *Anti-Sh.*

Archdeacon Fearon gives in this pamphlet a very complete summary of all the points favoring the anti-Shakespearean theory. Speaking of the establishment of the Baconian authorship he says:

"Such a result would, among other things, disprove once more the theory that mere genius, without painstaking study and labour, can produce learned and erudite works; that it was given to Shakespeare alone of mortals to despise the golden rule. 'There is no royal road to knowledge.' It would prove what would naturally have been predicated, that the plays were not the production of heaven-born genius and intuition, but of genius and ability, moulded and strengthened by intense interest and study; that the writer of the plays followed his own injunction put into the mouth of one of his characters, 'Take pains, be perfect.'"

302 "THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF SHAKESPEARE." By HENRY HOOPER. In the *Present*, Cincinnati, for June, 1885. 4 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

A fanciful account of a suppositious Baconian Society.

303 THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE THEORY IN GERMANY. Letter from DAVID ASHER, dated Leipsig, May, 1885. In the *Academy*, London, June 6, 1885. 2 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

The letter notices the growing conflict among German authors on the subject. Personally he expresses some doubt, but does not favor the Baconian theory.

304 Der "Shakespeare-Mythus." By Robert Proelsz. A review of Müller's translation of the *Myth*. In the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, June 9th and 10th, 1885. 21 (feuilleton) columns. *Pro-Sh.*

Herr Proelsz's paper is a comprehensive and extremely caustic review of the translation of the *Shakespearian Myth*. We give a translation of a few passages:

"What the Baconians produce as facts, amounts in the end to some passages in letters, which show that Bacon indeed may have written and secretly published some works of imagination and wit. But nowhere is there any direct reference to dramatic poetry. This sentence of Bacon's which occurs so opportunely, "Dramatic poetry is history made visible," is of such a general nature, that it is impossible to draw any conclusion from it regarding Bacon's poetic activity. The expression, "To stage myself," contains, in the connection in which Bacon uses it, no reference to any dramatic work. Indeed, Bacon wrote some dramatic productions himself, first of all as a member of Gray's Inn," an act of the tragedy, *Misfortunes of Arthur*. And later he is said to have written some masques. But all that has been preserved of his dramatic works only proves that he could not have been the author of the Shakespearian plays, for nothing of their genius is found there. Still less evidence is offered by the parallel passages which the Baconians have found in Bacon's and Shakespeare's writings."

"This is the book [the *Myth*] which the translator has introduced with these words of Guizot's: 'I know of no greater pleasure in public life than that of contending for a great but still misunderstood truth,' and which I, on the contrary, to assign to its deserved place, recommend to the consideration of the followers of spiritualism, necromancy, and other 'great but still misunderstood truths,' as a new scientific humbug."

305 Books on Shakespeare. (A Lecture.) By Sam: Timmins, F. S.A. (Birmingham Reference Library Lectures No. 4.) 1885. Pamphlet, pp. 19. *Pro-Sh.*

Mr. Timmins refers to this subject only incidentally.

"It is rather significant to find that, in unseating Shakespeare from his throne, the only possible occupant seems to be Francis Bacon, certainly one of the most brilliant intellects of the brilliant Elizabethan age."

306 The Merit of Lord Bacon. By Rev. David Swing. In *The Current*, Chicago, April 25, 1885. 1½ columns. *Pro-Sh.*

The merit awarded to Lord Bacon is not that of the authorship.

307 Venus and Adonis. A Study in Warwickshire Dialect. By Appleton Morgan. (No. 2 of the Shakespeare Society's publications.) New York: Brentano Bros., 1885. pp. 149. *Anti-Sh.*

This is No. 2 of the publications of the *New York Shakespeare Society*, of which Mr. Morgan is President.

The writer finds scarcely a trace of Warwickshire in *Venus and Adonis*. He concludes:

"I.—That the Shakespearian works are a storehouse of Elizabethan English in

all of its many varieties and variations, its dictions, vernacular and dialects, from the most refined, splendid and courtly to its rudest and crudest; and, therefore, are more likely to be of composite origin than exclusively monographs.

"II.—That the poem, *Venus and Adonis*, is apparently the monograph of a poet able to confine himself to the most refined, most splendid and courtliest of these dictions—and to resist any temptation of vicinage, heredity or contemporary corruptions.

"III.—That, to quote the words of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, it is better 'never to be too certain of anything' in matters Shakespearian."

In this connection we may state that on January 27, 1886, Dr. C. M. Ingleby read before the Royal Society of Literature, in London, a paper entitled *Notes on the History of the Shakespearian Canon*, from which we take this passage:

"Two years later [1594], an anonymous versifier assigns *Lucrece* to Shakespeare; but such evidence, whether affecting the poem or its predecessor, *Venus and Adonis*, need not arrest our attention, since we have the poet's own acknowledgment of his authorship of both, which no skepticism as to the real author of the plays can by any sophistry explain away. Indeed, the American champion of the Bacon authorship, whose argument occupies 700 closely printed pages, fights shy of the two great poems (only mentioning them incidentally), neither assailing the external evidence of the dedication, nor the internal evidence of a common authorship for the poems and the plays."

In a letter to Dr. Ingleby, of the same date, Sir Patrick Colquhoun takes issue with him as to the Shakespearian authorship.

"My notion is that Shakespeare took the best plays he could find from all quarters, either as they were, or by adaptation worked up by skilled playwrights, and so his selection was the best, and better than those of any one author (Marlowe) or joint authors (B. and F.); still I consider they are as different from each other as black and white, and the similarity only consists in the age and their style of diction. Indeed, I compare them to diamonds set in copper, for while there is much that is brilliant, there is a vast amount of trash and inferior stuff. They look to me as though they were composite works, the best part plagiaries, and the inferior, work of the playwright or adapter."

308 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. DID HE WRITE THE PLAYS? By GEORGE R. PECK. In the *Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kansas, September 27, 1885. 4 columns. *Pro-Sh.*

In this paper there is a short review and answer to all the Baconian arguments As to parallelisms:

"There are written shades of meaning, colorings of the same idea, divisions of the same thought, constantly occurring, not only in literature, but in our every-day communication with each other. * * * The rustic to whom Emerson loaned a volume of Plato, remarked when he returned it, 'I like Plato first rate; he has got lots of my ideas.'"

309 WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE? By MULTUM IN PARVO. A communication in the *Tribune*, Denver, Col., June 2. 1885. 1 column. *Anti-Sh.*

This is valuable only for the uniqueness of the suggestion—that the author of the plays was Robert Burton.

310 LA VIE DE SHAKESPEARE ET LA PARADOXE BACONIEN. By HENRY COCHIN. In *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris, 1st November, 1885. pp. 38 (106-143). *Pro-Sh.*

M. Cochin's paper, occupying thirty-eight pages of the *Revue*, is very comprehensive—a Bibliography of itself as to the prominent works on the subject, and exhaustive as a review of the arguments. The extracts translated below will indicate his views:

"The Baconian theory, however false it may be, has none the less served to call a close attention to Shakespeare's works, and to many persons and books of his time. It has excited the activity of many diverse minds," [and he adds, after a reference to the 255 titles of the *Bibliography*]: "My intention is not, to add a 256th item to this voluminous catalogue. But I could not pass in silence a controversy which has given birth to such an abundant literature. So I have reviewed this theory briefly, but with perfect good faith, and without omitting anything of importance. The Baconians have proved, not unanswerably, but ingeniously, and with some plausibility, that Lord Bacon might have written the Shakespearian plays. But what they have not proved is that Shakespeare himself did not write them. However, that is all. The most important part of the discussion should have been the destructive, as the Baconians say. Yet it has been the most neglected. They have rejected beforehand all the contemporary testimony of Greene, Nash, Meres, Davis, Carew and many others, by declaring, *en bloc*, as Palmerston did of Ben Jonson, that all these people were dupes or accomplices. But overlooking even these impossibilities, it is necessary to return to their first affirmation, which is this: William Shakespeare did not possess enough science or literary ability to write the plays which have come to us under his name. What we know to-day of Shakespeare's life suffices to contradict this assertion.

"It was easier to acquire a smattering of all the science current at that time than it would be to-day. All the books then printed in England would not have formed a very extensive library. I reject then absolutely the argument founded on the probable ignorance of Shakespeare. The arduous years of hardship, passed in London in modest employment, were the time when his genius was developing and acquiring the materials which it needed. And if they ask: Could an obscure actor have written plays which contain briefly all the science of his time? I answer, Yes, if he had genius."

311 MUCH ADO ABOUT SONNETS. By APPLETON MORGAN. In the *Catholic World*, New York, November, 1885. pp. 11.
Anti-Sh.

Mr. Morgan argues against the vicious and dangerous character of any conclusion as to historical matter, drawn dogmatically from works of the imagination, like the plays of Shakespeare.

"But the process, which requires considerable ingenuity and periphrasis, when applied to the plays, is clear sailing and simplicity itself when worked on the sonnets; which stand alone, *sui generis*, with no ancestors, antitypes or prototypes, with no sources to reconcile, and no references to consult. There is not a rock in the channel. All we have to do is to forge ahead!"

312 THE BACONIAN HYPOTHESIS. By H. L. MOORE. A series of 13 articles of from 1½ to 3 columns each, in the *Gazette*, Lawrence, Kansas, December 24 and 31, 1885; January 7, 14, 21, 28; February 11, 18, 25; March 4, 11, 18, 25, 1886.
Anti-Sh.

A series of thirteen articles. The first six are devoted to a comparison, with quotations of parallelisms, between *Hamlet* and the *Advancement of Learning*. The others relate mainly to *Macbeth* and the *De Augmentis*. As to the first, the author says:

"I have compared with some degree of care the *Advancement of Learning* with *Hamlet*, and must say that I am surprised to find that the thought and teaching of the one is exactly what it is in the other. One is expressed in the language of a most imaginative philosopher and the other in the language of a philosophic poet. The philosophy is the same in both, both have studied the same subjects, and have reached the same conclusions."

313 What We Really Know About Shakespeare. By Mrs. Caroline Healy Dall. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1886. pp. 204. *Pro-Sh.*

Mrs. Dall only devotes one chapter to this subject—that on *Delia Bacon*. The author says as to Miss Bacon:

"She said that she drew her evidences of Francis Bacon's authorship from two sources, the internal and external. She found them in the plays themselves, and outside of the plays, in history. She wished to publish them in two large octavo volumes. She had enough of each sort of material to fill a volume; which should she print first? I said 'The facts, by all means, if you have them.' Mr. Emerson said: 'Your inductions by all means; and then clinch them with your facts.' It is hardly necessary to say that she followed Emerson's advice."

314 Bacon and Shakespeare. Proof That William Shakespeare Could Not Write. The Sonnets Written by Francis Bacon to the Earl of Essex and his Bride, A.D., 1590. Bacon Identified as the Concealed Poet Ignoto, A.D. 1589-1600. By William Henry Burr, Washington, D. C. New York: Brentano Bros. 1886. pp. 48. *Anti-Sh.*

The very full title will give an idea of the scope and intent of Mr. Burr's pamphlet. A comparison of the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare is to be continued, the author assures us, to the end of both lives, whereby Lord Bacons secret authorship "will be more abundantly proved, and his moral character vindicated against the aspersions of 260 years."

315 Shakespeare and Bacon. In the *Commercial Gazette*, Cincinnati, February 28, 1886. Also, *Shakespeare's Illiteracy*, in the same paper, March 21, 1886. By S. R. R. (S. R. Reed) about 2 columns each. *Pro-Sh.*

"The Bacon and the Shakespeare inventions blend in one part, namely, that beneath a surface-frothy current of stagy, sensational, slaughterous, blood-and-thunder plays, to catch the populace of the theatre, the author hid profound philosophies, which were unutterable then, but which future ages would dig up, like as Egyptian mummies of four thousand years are brought out of their sepulchres to feed locomotive fires. The deep hiding of philosophies is established beyond question by proof that no one has ever found a shred of them. * * * * *

"But the Shakespeare and the Bacon inventions separate in the part that Bacon made Shakespeare his literary bearer for two reasons: first that play-writing was disreputable, and that Shakespeare, being a theatre-man, had no reputation to lose by this repute; second, that Bacon wanted to diseminate in the populace political sentiments hostile to Queen Elizabeth, and therefore he massed them in plays, and avoided the risk of his own head by putting it on Shakespeare's. This would be highly honorable in Bacon and very good in Shakespeare. But the hiding of disloyalty in the plays is established as firmly as the faith in the buried philosophy, by the fact that it has not been found out."

316 MRS. POTT'S 32 REASONS. By JOHN STOKES ADAMS. In *Shakespeariana*, Philadelphia, for February, 1886. pp. 5. *Pro-Sh.*

A comprehensive view of the reasons adduced by Mrs Pott. Extract:

"To our mind, the *32 Reasons* has essentially failed to establish the Baconian authorship. Its partisans are too devoted to minute criticism. They have not made any attempt to establish the identity of the human entity which the student finds in the author of the plays with that which discovers itself to the student of Bacon. Leaving then, this microscopy, we find too wide a gap between the two."

The writer quotes from Dowden:

"Bacon's ethical writings sparkle with a frosty brilliance of fancy, playing over the worldly maxims which constituted his wisdom for the conduct of life. Shakespeare reaches to the ultimate truths of human character through a supreme and undivisable energy of love, imagination and thought."

317 SHAKESPEARE. HIS YOUTH AND GROWTH. A new lecture by the veteran actor, MR. JAMES E. MURDOCH. Synopsis in the *Commercial Gazette* and in the *Enquirer*, Cincinnati, February 22, 1886. 1 column each. *Pro-Sh.*

"The attempt to foist the plays of Shakespeare upon Bacon Mr. Murdoch stigmatized as an attempt to deny genius in the one part and to create intellectual impossibilities in the other. If the spirit of Francis Bacon could appear to-day, it would cry: 'Take from these o'erburdened shoulders a load that would sink a navy.' 'Too much honor, yea,' said Mr. Murdoch, with contemptuous emphasis, 'too much honor."—*Enquirer.*

318 THE AUTHORSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE. By NATHANIEL HOLMES. Edition of 1886, including a *Supplement of further proofs that Francis Bacon was the real author*, with a full index. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. pp. 828. *Anti-Sh.*

In this edition, just published, Judge Holmes includes a *Supplement*, 120 pages (699–818) of entirely new matter. "As additional evidence," he says, "it is rather cumulative than different in kind from that heretofore produced, and it is limited to those items which seemed to me to have some direct and peculiar weight upon the immediate question of Bacon's hand in the work." He mentions Mrs. Pott's *Promus* as the most notable accession to the evidence, and many of his illustrations are drawn from that and other works. He closes:

"Such a linked concentration of identities in thought and word would seem to be incredible, unless they come from one and the same author. Whether we shall call him "Mr. William Shakespeare," or Francis Bacon,—whether we shall say (with Dr. James Freeman Clark) that Shakespeare wrote Bacon, or that Bacon wrote Shakespeare,—is more important in the thing than in the name. The importance of the thing consists chiefly in knowing in what sort of man, life and genius we are to look for such dramas as these were and still are, and (as a first step toward this knowledge) in learning to know that Francis Bacon was no mere "crabbed lawyer," pragmatical statesman, materialist in philosophy or worshipper of Mammon as the chief end of mankind, and no such base character, "meanest of mankind," or crude apostle of positive science, as our popular literature is much in the habit of representing him, but (as Prof. Clark said) rather "belonged to literature and metaphysics," and was, in truth, one of the greatest and noblest of men,—was, in short,

all that we require for a correct understanding and a just appreciation of "our Shakespeare."

319 HAMLET'S NOTE-BOOK. By WILLIAM D. O'CONNOR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. pp. 78.
Anti-Sh.

This is mainly an answer to the late Richard Grant White's *Bacon-Shakespeare Craze*, [title 217] and a defense of Mrs. Pott's *Promus*. Mr. O'Connor is the author of *Harrington* [title 24] and is one of the earliest Baconians, dating back to the days of Delia Bacon. He gives a new theory as to the authorship of the Sonnets: "After all, prejudgments once barred, the clew is a very plain one. The only begetter of a child is its father. By parity of reasoning, the only begetter of a sonnet is its author. The sonnets are therefore dedicated to their author. 'To the only begetter [or sole author] of the ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer [or person undertaking the enterprise of launching them for posterity] in setting forth T. T." So runs the dedication. Who now are the author and adventurer thus indicated in cipher? The author is Raleigh—WALTER RALEIGH; the adventurer, the mathematician Hariot, THOMAS HARIOT, his friend and companion, allowed free access to him during his imprisonment in the Tower, which covers the date of the Sonnets, 1609. The means and leisure necessary to establish these assertions beyond cavil, and spread open the meaning of the sonnets, will probably never be at the command of the writer, but patient and candid scholars, better situated, will not be ungrateful for the offered clew.

320 AN INDIAN IN INDIANA. By JOHN H. STOTSENBURG, of New Albany, Indiana. A series of twelve articles in the *Sentinel*, Indianapolis, Ind., of dates as follows: September 27; October 11, 18 and 25; November, 8, 15, 22 and 29; December 6, 13, 20 and 27, all in 1885. 1 to 2 columns each. *Anti-Sh.*

The title may be explained by the fact that Mr. Stotsenburg adopts the supposititious character of Professor Ram-Chusa-Chum, of a Persian University, assumed to be temporarily sojourning in America. Under this guise the writer discourses on various topics, the most important being the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which is treated of in nearly every article. The most important of these is that of December 13th, where the Professor is supposed to lecture to a literary society—the Amaranths—composed entirely of ladies. He is evidently a strong Baconian, and discourses the question in all its aspects, including the Donnelly cipher, in which he is evidently a believer.

321 WAS HE AN IMPOSTER? By GEORGE A. BICKNELL, of New Albany, Indiana. In the *Sentinel*, Indianapolis, Indiana, December 20, 1885. 2 columns.
Pro-Sh

This was called out by the preceding title, and maintains that the known facts in the life of Shakespeare are not inconsistent with the authorship.

322 MR. DONNELLY'S SHAKESPEARE CIPHER. By PERCY M. WALLACE. In *The Nineteenth Century*, London, for May, 1886. [reprinted in SHAKESPEARIANA for June, '86.] pp. 13 (697-709).
Unc.

The writer gives a complete summary of Mr. Donnelly's claims, made up partly from hitherto unpublished letters to friends and sympathisers in England. While Mr. Wallace does not decide in favor of or against the cipher theory, it is evident that he is impressed by a probability of its correctness.

This closes the list up to date—May, 1886. It may be continued at some future time as new titles offer.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

X. GEORGE STEEVENS.

One of the best known among those who have edited Shakespeare's works is George Steevens. He was the only son of George Steevens, Esq., of Stepney, who was formerly a Captain in the East India Company, and afterwards a Director in the same corporation. George Steevens, the younger, was born at Stepney, on May 10th, 1736, and educated at King's College, Cambridge. He had an excellent classical education, and his memory was such that he could repeat passages from Greek and Latin poets with facility. He was a very witty man, and practical jokes were his special delight. His most celebrated one was his attempt to deceive the Society of Antiquaries. He caused to be made a coarse marble stone, on which was inscribed Saxon letters, reciting that it was a portion of the sarcophagus of Hardicanute. This was taken to a founder's house in Southwark, and a story set in circulation that a wonderful curiosity had been found. A number of antiquarians called to see it, and were anxious to purchase it. The man was instructed to say, however, that it was not for sale, as he was too fond of antiquities himself to part with it. They were permitted to take drawings of it, and a carefully executed *fac-simile* of it was made by Jacob Schnebbelie. The formation of the letters, and the wording of the inscription were pronounced to be indicative of its genuineness. The joke was discovered in time to prevent the appearance, however, of a learned comment on the supposed Saxon inscription, which was prepared by the learned Dr. Pegge. The stone was finally taken to Sir Joseph Banks' house, where it was exhibited to his friends, and much merriment was had at the expense of the learned gentleman who had been so completely fooled.

He possessed an ample fortune, and was enabled to purchase a very valuable library, which, in addition to being rich in Elizabethan works, contained a Second Folio edition of Shakespeare which had formerly belonged to King Charles I. He also owned the First, Third, and Fourth Folios, and a remarkable collection of the Quartos. His library was sold after his death.

He died January 22nd, 1800, and was buried in Poplar Chapel, London. A monument to his memory was executed by Flaxman, and erected in the same church. It represents him seated on a bench, contemplating a wretched looking bust of Shakespeare, while some books, paper, and pens are on a table near at hand. Underneath the monument is this inscription :—

In the middle aisle of this chapel lie the remains of George Steevens, Esq., who, after having cheerfully employed a considerable portion of his life and fortune in the illustration of Shakespeare, expired at Hampstead the 22nd day of January, 1800, in his 64th year.

Peace to these reliques, once the bright attire
Of spirits sparkling with no common fire;
How oft has pleasure in the social hour
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power;
And truth attested with delight intense
The serious charms of his colloquial sense :
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay.
His critic labours of unwearied force
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave, his zeal endear'd;
Learning as vast as mental power could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease;
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Carless of chance, confiding in his God.

In 1766 Steevens published a work entitled :—

Twenty of the plays of Shakespeare, Being the whole Number printed in Quarto During his Life-time, or before the Restoration, Collated where there were different Copies, and Published from the Originals, By George Steevens, Esq., in Four Volumes.—Ire jubeo, ut ea a fontibus potius hauriant, quam rivulos confectentur. Quæ autem memo adhuc docuerat, nec erat unde studiosi scire possent, ea, quantum potui, feci, ut essent nota nostris. CICERONIS ACAD. Lib. I. Vol. I. London : Printed by J. and R. Tonson, In the Strand; T. Payne, at the Mews-gate, Castle-street, and W. Richardson in Fleet-street. M.DCC. LXVI.

In this work Steevens reprinted *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1600, the Roberts edition, and collated it with the Fisher edition of 1600; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1619; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1630; *Much Ado about Nothing*, 1600; *The Merchant of Venice*, 1600; the Roberts edition, collated with the Heyes edition of 1600; *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1631; *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1631; *King Lear*, 1608; *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1611; *Richard II.*, 1615; collated with Wise's edition of 1598, and with Norton's edition of 1634; 1 *Henry IV*, 1613, collated with Wise's edition of 1599, Norton's edition of 1632, and Perry's edition of 1639; 2 *Henry IV*, 1600; *Henry V*, 1608; *The Whole Contention between the two famous Houses Lancaster and Yorke*, and the *Second Part*; *Richard III*, 1612, collated with Wise's editions of

1598 and 1602, Purfoot's edition of 1624, and Norton's editions of 1629 and 1634; *Titus Andronicus*, 1611; *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1609; *Hamlet*, 1611, collated with N. L.'s edition of 1605, and Smethwicke's editions of 1637 and undated copy; *Othello*, 1622; *The Sonnets*, 1609; and *The True Chronicle History of King Leir*, 1605.

Steevens performed a real service to students of Shakespeare in thus reprinting so many of the Quartos, and for nearly a hundred years they remained the only reprints of these extremely rare little books that were published.

In 1773 Steevens issued what was really his first edition of Shakespeare. It was in ten volumes octavo, fairly well printed on ribbed paper. The title page in the first volume reads thus :—

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In Ten Volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; To which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. With an Appendex. London : Printed for C. Bathurst, J. Beecroft, W. Strahan, J. and F. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davies, Hawies, Clarke and Collins, R. Horsfield, W. Johnson, W. Owen, T. Caston, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, W, Griffin, T. Cadell, W. Woodfall, G. Keith, T. Lowndes, T. Davies, J. Robson, T. Becket, F. Newbury, G. Robington, T. Payne, J. Williams, M. Hingeston, and J. Riddey. M.DCC. LXXII.

There is also a second title page in Volume I. which is as follows :—

The plays of William Shakespeare. Volume the First. Containing Prefaces. The Tempest. The Two Gentlemen of Venice. The Merry Wives of Windsor. London : Printed for C. Bathurst [and the other booksellers given above.] M.DCC. LXXIII.

Similar title-pages to the latter one are found in the other volumes, but the one first given above is only in the first volume. A very poor copy of the Chandos portrait, engraved by G. Vertue is also in the first volume.

Dr. Johnson's preface is printed entire, and is followed by an "Advertisement to the Reader," by Steevens. This occupies eleven pages, and is followed by a list of ancient translations from classic authors. For the preparation of the latter Steevens acknowledges the assistance of Farmer. Then came Heminge and Condell's dedication and preface, and the prefaces of Pope, Theobold, Hanmer, and Warburton. The "Advertisement to the Reader" prefixed to Steevens reprint of the Quartos etc., is next given, and is followed by Rowe's Life of Shakespeare. The grant of arms to the poet's father, Shakespeare's will, extracts from the Register of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon, and the commendatory poems from the First and Second Folios follow. Then a table of old editions of the plays is given. This preliminary matter occupies nearly half of the first volume. After it are printed the plays in the order that they are given in the First Folio. At the bottom of the pages

are given the notes, each of which is signed with the name of the editor who wrote it.

At the end of the tenth volume there are printed two appendices consisting of eighty-nine pages, and containing notes by Warton, Tollet, Warner, Percy, Collins, Dr. James, Sir J. Hawkins, Steevens, and Dr. Farmer.

Although this edition bore the name of Dr. Johnson as well as that of Steevens on its title-page, it was really prepared and edited entirely by the latter. Dr. Johnson's name continued on the title-pages of Stevens' later editions, but it seems to have retained its place there on account of the learned gentleman's literary reputation, and not because he had anything to do with the editing of them.

In 1778 a second edition by Stevens appeared, in ten volumes octavo. The title-page is as follows:

The Plays of William Shakespeare. In ten volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators; to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The Second Edition, Revised and Augmented. *ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ŒVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT. VIRGIL.

London, Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, W. Owen, T. Caslon, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, B. Law, E. and C. Dilly, C. Corbett, T. Cadell, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, J. Bucroft, W. Stuart, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, T. Beckett, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, J. Ridley, T. Evans, W. Davies, W. Fox, and J. Murray. MDCCLXXVIII.

The first volume contained a well engraved copy of the Droeshout print, in which some variations from the original have been made by the engraver, however. There is also given a very good engraving of Marshall's copy of the Droeshout, and facsimiles of Shakespeare's signatures.

Dr. Johnson's preface came first, then Steevens' "Advertisement to the Reader," which is the same as in the 1773 edition with the exception of a few notes which he added to it, and an extract from Decker's *Guls Hornbook*. Then follows the list of ancient translations from classic authors, the dedication and preface from the First Folio; the prefaces of Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Steevens' "Advertisement," etc. which was prefixed to his reprint of the quartos. Then comes Rowe's life of Shakespeare; the poet's will; extracts from Oldys; the Register of baptisms, burials, etc. at Stratford; extracts from Granger's *History of England*; the commendatory verses on the poet, from the First and Second Folios, etc.; lists of early editions of the plays and poems, of works on Shakespeare, etc., extracts from the books of the Stationer's Company; and Ma-

lone's "Attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays attributed to Shakespeare were written."

The additional notes which were given in appendices in the 1773 edition are printed in their proper places in this 1778 edition, and Steevens made some few additions to his notes and changes in the text, but they are comparatively unimportant, and the work is mainly a reprint of the former edition.

In 1785 a reprint of the 1773 and 1778 editions was published, in ten volumes octavo. It was edited by Isaac Reed, who states in the preliminary "advertisement" to the first volume that Steevens declined to edit the work. Both Dr. Johnson's and Steevens' names were retained on the title-page however, and the changes that were made in this edition are comparatively slight.

Steevens seems to have given up all idea of publishing another edition of the poet's works, as he wrote Malone about 1783: "I never mean to appear again as editor of Shakspeare; nor will such assistance as I am able to furnish go towards any future gratuitous publication. Ingratitude and impertinence from several of the booksellers have been my reward for conducting two laborious editions, both of which are sold." He afterwards changed his mind, however, for, in 1793 another edition was issued under the immediate superintendence of Steevens. It is in fifteen volumes octavo, and the first title-page to Volume I reads:

"The Plays of William Shakespeare. In Fifteen Volumes. With the Corrections and Illustrations of Various Commentators. To which are added, Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The Fourth Edition. Revised and augmented (With a Glossarial Index) by the Editor of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ. Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ŒVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT. VIRGIL.

London: Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, F. and C. Rivington, W. Goldsmith, T. Payne, Jun., S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, B. and J. White, G. and T. Wilkie, J. and J. Taylor, Scatchard and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, E. Newbery, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogiloy and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, J. Deighton, and W. Miller.

This work is familiarly known as "Steevens' own edition," and it is a wonderful monument to his learning, ability and perseverence. It is the foundation on which the variorum editions of 1803, 1813 and 1821 were built. No portrait of the poet was published with it, as Steevens remarks that "the only portrait of him that even pretends to authenticity by means of injudicious cleaning, or some other accident has become little better than the shadow of a shade" Steevens here referred to the Chandos portrait, and it shows how little he

thought of the Stratford bust and the Droeshout engraving. In later years he was an ardent advocate of the Felton portrait, or at least he pretended to be; for there were not wanting those who declared that he knew more concerning its history than he chose to tell.*

The "advertisement," written by Steevens, occupies thirty-six pages, and is composed in his happiest vein. A rival of great ability had entered the field of Shakespearian editorship in the person of Edmond Malone, whose edition of the poet's works was published in 1790. Steevens seems to have come forth from his retirement to give battle to this editor, and the edition of 1793 appears to have been prepared with the object of showing to the world how wrong Malone was in many points. The latter had looked upon the First Folio with especial reverence, in the advertisement to the 1793 edition Steevens argued that the Second Folio was its superior.

Following the "advertisement" is four pages of addenda, then is given Rowe's life of Shakespeare; additional anecdotes of the poet from Oldys; extracts from the Stratford Register; Shakespeare's coat of arms; his mortgage; his will; the dedication and preface from the First Folio; the preface of Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Dr. Johnson; Steevens' advertisement to his *Twenty Plays;* Capell's introduction; Steevens' advertisement to his 1773 and 1778 editions; the preface of Mason to his *Comments*, 1785; Reed's advertisement to the 1785 edition; Malone's preface; extracts from the Stationers' Registers; lists of old editions of Shakespeare's plays and poems; plays altered from Shakespeare; Malone's essays on the chronological order of the plays, and on Shakespeare, Ford and Jonson.

The second volume (whose title-page reads "The Plays of William Shakspeare" etc. without Steevens' name, etc.,) consists of Farmer's essay on the learning of Shakespeare; list of ancient translations; Malone's very able history of the stage; and poems on the poet. At the end of the second volume there is also printed a table of contents of the whole work. The third volume contains the glossarial index, and then the plays commence. They are printed in the order of the First Folio, and fill the third and succeeding volumes. Twenty-five copies were printed on large paper.

In this edition the notes are much more voluminous than in the previous ones, and they are often much improved. When this work was passing through the press Steevens devoted his whole time to it, and the entire fifteen thick octavo volumes were printed in a little more than eighteen months. It is related of Steevens that he left his house every morning at one o'clock A. M. and went to the printing office where he received his proof-sheets, and then proceeded to the residence of his friend Isaac Reed. He had a latch key which opened the door

* See, for further particulars concerning this, *The Portraits of Shakespeare*, by the present writer, Philadelphia: 1885, 4 to., p. 145.

of the latter, and there he found a room ready for him, with access to his friend's splendid library. In this way he was enabled to make rapid progress with his work, and the printers were not kept waiting for his corrections.

It is by the 1793 edition that Steevens should be judged, and as before stated, it is a wonderful monument to his learning and ability. He ransacked the literature of Shakespeare's day for passages illustrative of the poet's text. Many an allusion which was familiar enough to the poet's contemporaries, but which had been lost sight of by succeeding generations, was explained by Steevens by means of passages from old writers brought forward by him. He could not restrain his wit however, and his love of practical jokes. This latter fact often carried him too far. Take for instance his treatment of the Reverend Richard Amner. This gentleman was a highly respectable Dissenting clergyman of Hampstead, who had in some manner incurred Steevens' ill will. The latter hit upon an ingenious but very cruel method of punishment for his reverend opponent. All the indecent notes which Steevens wrote, (and they are unfortunately many, for his extensive knowledge of Elizabethan literature enabled him to pick out much that was not refined,) were signed Amner. This cruel joke mortified the inoffensive minister so much that the closing days of his life were embittered by it, and his name has gone down to posterity as the author of notes that fairly make one blush to read.

Note too, how Steevens attacked the authority of the First Folio:

> But as we are often reminded by "our brethren of the craft," that this or that emendation, however apparently necessary, is not the *genuine text of Shakspeare*, it might be imagined that we had received this text from its fountain head, and were therefore certain of its purity. Whereas few literary occurances are better understood, than that it came down to us discoloured by "the variation of every soil" through which it had flowed, and that it stagnated at last in the muddy reservoir of the first folio. In plainer terms, that the vitiations of a careless theatre were seconded by those of as ignorant a press. The integrity of dramas thus prepared for the world, is just on a level with the innocence of females nursed in a camp and educated in a bagnio. As often therefore as we are told, that by admitting corrections warranted by common sense and the laws of metre, we have not rigidly adhered to the text of Shakspeare, we shall entreat our opponents to exchange that phrase for another "more germane," and say instead of it, that we have deviated from the text of the publishers of single plays in quarto, or their successors, the editors of the first folio; that we have sometimes followed the suggestions of a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, or a Tyrwhitt, in preference to the decisions of a Hemings or a Condell, notwithstanding their choice of readings might have been influenced by associates whose high-sounding names cannot fail to enforce respect, viz. William Ostler, John Shanke, William Sly, and Thomas Poope.

Thus he shot his shafts of wit, not caring whom he hit, and Shakespeare himself was not secure from his pleasantry. In none of his editions had Steevens printed the Sonnets or poems, but Malone having done so in his edition of 1790, the former remarks:

> We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, because the strongest Act

of Parliament that could be framed, would fail to compel readers into their service; notwithstanding these miscellaneous Poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgement of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and the golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonnetteer.

Had Steevens been able to forsee the great interest that these very Sonnets were destined to excite among a later generation, who have pondered over and studied them for years, perhaps he would have hesitated before writing himself down an ass as he did in the foregoing passage.

John Collins, the friend of Capell, who selected him to edit his *Notes and Various Readings*, accused Steevens of plagiarism from Capell. Steevens indignantly denied the charge. There is probably little doubt, however, that the latter profited by the great familiarity with Elizabethan literature possessed by Capell, and that he did not acknowledge his indebtedness as he should have done. No proofs were produced by Collins, and Steevens having denied the accusation, the latter's word must be taken as final.

After Steevens' death many editions of the poet's works were published which had his text for a basis. Some of them were slightly revised, but many reprints were verbatim as to the text, and a selection of, or omission of all his notes. Prominent among these were Reed's Variorum of 1803, in twenty-one volumes, which was printed from a corrected copy for the press by Steevens. Also the Variorum of 1813, in twenty-one volumes.

When Boydell published his magnificent edition of Shakespeare, in nine volumes atlas folio, (1802,) Steevens' text was used. Of the countless editions which were printed after this date, and which adopt Steevens' text it would be useless to speak.

J. Parker Norris.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

CONDUCTED BY J. PARKER NORRIS.

[*Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should in all cases, follow the Globe edition.*]

RICHARD II. VI. i, 184–9.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well.
That owes two buckets, filling one another,
The emptier dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen and full of water;
That bucket down and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

The "well that owes two buckets" has furnished to another dramatist a somewhat similar figure:—

I'll give you a simile. Did you ever see a well with two buckets? Whilst one comes up full to be emptied another goes down emptie to be filled. Such is the state of all humanitie.

Marston's Malcontent III, iii, (1604)

PHILADELPHIA. A. M. BEVERIDGE.

"TAKE, O, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

Has it ever been noted that the most exquisite passage in the beautiful love song in *Measure for Measure*

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Light that do mislead the morn.

was probably suggested to Shakespeare by the most beautiful and imaginative passage in Marlowe's poem of Hero and Leander, and in that part of the poem written by Marlowe himself?

Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance, behold ye might
A kind of twilight break * * * *
* * * * *and this false morn*
Brought forth the day before the day was born.

J. G. B.

KING LEAR IV, III, 19.

In SHAKESPEARIANA, II, p. 91, the reading of the quartos, as Mr. Boodle says, is certainly "mild and unintelligible," but with a little judicious punctuation it seems plain enough.

Here is Q^1.

> Sun shine and rains at once, her smiles and teares,
> Were like a better way those happie smilets, etc.

In Q^2 this is altered to

> Sun-shine and raine at once, her smiles and teares,
> Were like a better way, those happy smilets
> That played, etc,

Hudson, (copying from Boaden), appears to me to suggest the most sensible construction, and that without altering the text into "Winter Day," "Bitter May," "April Day," etc.

Here it is:—

> You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
> Were like a better way,—those happy smilets
> That play'd, etc.

The sentence is thus completed at "like," and the same idea is again expressed in "a better way," *i. e.* in a plainer manner. But if we adopt this sense, (for I do not see how "better could have intruded in the place of April," as there is only a single letter common to both words) we must punctuate differently from Mr. Hudson, and put a period after "like," and the color after "way."

Finally alter "smilets" into "smiles," as by repeating this word I think the effect is heightened, and we get:—

> You have seen
> Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
> Were like. A better way:—those happy smiles
> That play'd, etc.

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HAMLET, (I. IV, 9),

> The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
> Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring *revels*.

Antony and Cleopatra, (II, VII, 100),—

> *Ens.* Drink thou; increase the *revels*.
> *Men.* Come.
> *Pom.* This is not yet an *Alexandrian feast*.
> *Ant.* It ripens toward it.

And *Ib.* (V. ii, 218),—

> The quick comedians
> Extemporally will stage us and present
> Our *Alexandrian revels.*

In the two former passages the old editions have "reeles." The emendation has been suggested by me. On *Antony and Cleopatra*, (II. vii, 100), Douce writes (vol. ii. p. 91),—

> Here is some corruption, and unless it was originally *revels*, the sense is irretrievable.

Sidney Walker, *Crit: Exam. etc.* (vol. iii. p. 285), has Tourneur, *Revenger's Tragedy*, (III. v,),—

> it were fine, methinks,
> To have thee seen at *revels*, forgetful feasts,
> And unclean brothels.

Is *revels* thus pronounced in a passage of Shakespeare? [*i. e.*, as a monosyllable.] Lettsom adds a note, "I think not, except in *Antony and Cleopatra* (I. iv, 5),—

> He fishes, drinks, and wastes
> The lamps of night in *revel*; is not more manlike
> Than Cleopatra."

And even this example is ambiguous. But in Randolph's *The Muses' Looking Glass*, (III. 2), we have,—

> Nay, they threaten me
> To make me warden of the church.
> Am I a patriot? or have I ability
> To present knights recusant clergy-*reelers*,
> Or gentleman fornicators?

Where "clergy-*reelers*" is evidently for "clergy-*revellers*."

LONDON. B. G. KINNEAR.

THE DRAMA.

The large advance sales of seats for the twenty-four performances of the Meiningen Court Dramatic Company, nearly half a year in advance of the Company's first appearance in this Country, at the New York Academy of Music, on the 25th of October, is a speaking sign of the fame of these German actors, and the importance of their arrival.

Single tickets for the whole number of representations are $60.00, boxes $100, and five boxes and five-hundred and fifty seats, it is said, are

already secured. Two-thirds of these have been engaged by mail orders.

The flourish of trumpets behind the scenes which announces the triumphal entrance upon the American Stage,—five months hence,—of these conquering heroes of the Saxe-Meinigen Duke's own Theatre must needs be a little boisterous to cover the venture of the American business managers, Messrs. Wesley Sisson and Adolph Nuendorff. They are said to have deposited by requirement $100,000 before the Company should set sail from the Fatherland. The success—as seems warranted from present indications—that will attend their stake must therefore be peculiarly gratifying.

This company is a pet "fad" of the Duke of Saxe Meinigen, and more satisfactory than ordinary fads, it brings him both honor and pleasure. He and his suite will have two boxes reserved for them, and they will have the pleasure of looking down upon a brilliant representative New York audience, which will, no doubt, return their curiosity, perhaps even insist on considering them an integral part of the show ranged in view for their especial benefit.

The company has ninety-five members, all rumored to be thoroughly trained and careful actors, from the hero, and the leading lady, down to the king, the pages, the 1st lord, the 2nd lord, and the &c. of the cast. The Plays on their list are many and good. Among them, *Faust*, *Götz von Berlichingen*, *Egmont*, *Nathan der Weise*, *Die Jung Frau von Orleans*. *The Robbers*, and the Wallenstein trilogy, and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, *Winter's Tale*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice* and *Macbeth*.

The company have received great applause away from home, wherever they have travelled. In London, it is said, *Julius Cæsar* was their best hit, and so it has been chosen for the first of their representations here.

* * *

Schlegel's translations of *Pericles* and *Coriolanus* were given during the past season in Munich at the Government Theatre. These plays, with Byron's *Manfred*, were received with marked favor, which they deserved doubtless not only on the score of their own merit, but because of Herr Possart's skillful adaptations and management.

Herr Possart is an admirable type of a kind of stage-leader, happily more frequent now than formerly. He is one of those scholarly manager-actors on whom the hopes of a groping public may best rest for its adequate comprehension and guidance. The eccentric King of Bavaria, however, it must be acknowledged had much to do with making Possart's success possible. Herr Possart is a representative German actor. He is said to have one hundred and fifty distinct parts in his repertory, and these of all kinds, fantastical, comical, and tragical.

These diverse gifts of this solidly versatile German command a

salary of $6000 as manager, and whenever he acts, which he does often, other sums are due him in his capacity as actor. Pooh-Bah's plurality in office is thus worthily exemplified in Munich. Under Herr Possart's management is a company of forty picked actors, who illuminate small parts as well as big ones, and contribute indistinguishably yet with none the less distinction of talent toward an artistic whole with which we on this side of the Atlantic have yet to gain familiarity. The wardrobe of the Munich theatre is under the hands of Prof. Flueggen, who diligently studies old clothes and chronology and can tell you the history of the world as reflected in a shoe-buckle or implied in a farthingale. Herr Jenke has charge of the scenery. He is as wise in effects as the Herr Professor, and his studio is a necessary adjunct of the Theatre building.

There is a moral to this account of a German Theatre. If no one guesses it the coming Saxe-Meiningen Company will perhaps point it out more clearly next October.

* * *

M. Meurice's adroit *féerie* from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, described in the last number of Shakespeariana brought out with elaborate scenic decoration by M. Porel at the Odéon and accompanied with Mendelssohn's music as given by M. Calonne and his skillful orchestra, was followed by another *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the *Opéra Comique*. But the *Songe d' une Nuit d' été*, written solely for the sake of M. Thomas's music, is as little like Shakespeare, as *Mignon* is likeGoethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. It is even less warrantable than any other opera, I can think of, that after the usual impertinent fashion of operas takes the name of genius in vain. In fact it has absolutely nothing but the name in common with either Shakespeare's humorous, tricksy comedy or M. Meurice's clever adaptation. As the Paris correspondent of the London *Telegraph* well says: Midsummer Madness would be a fitter title for the opera than that chosen or stolen by the bold librettists. Never, indeed, did improbability on the stage reach a further limit. In this extraordinary jumble of history and low comedy Sir William Shakespeare, for so is he styled, and Sir John Falstaff are boon companions at the Syren Inn, situated at Blackfriars, and frequented, according to the authors, by common sailors, bullies, actors, actresses, and noble lords. In this den Queen Elizabeth, accompanied by "Miss Olivia," meets Shakespeare when he is in one of the drunken fits to which, according to MM. Rosier and De Leuven, he was liable, lectures him soundly on his intemperate habits, and as soon as he is dead drunk and incapable has him removed to her palace in Richmond Park. Here she reappears to him in the likeness of his good genius, and after Shakespeare has made violent love to the lady who takes so unaccountably deep an interest in him, he finds out that she is none other than his queen. In the third and last act Elizabeth tries, with the help of all those about her person, to convince Shake-

speare that he had dreamed a midsummer night's dream, but confesses at last that the love passages between them were perfectly real. The funniest detail of all this farrago of exquisite nonsense occurs where Shakespeare, when reminded by the Queen that he was born in Stratford, in the county of Warwick, exclaims, "How well I remember those early days when I tended my flocks amidst the immense solitudes and on the lofty and precipitous mountains of my native districts!" It is naturally impossible for an Englishman to listen to this sort of stuff without laughing, but it is only fair to add that if he can contrive to accept the *libretto* without cavilling he will derive much enjoyment from the music which M. Ambroise Thomas has wedded to this monstrously imagined legend. The fact, indeed, that M. Thomas's facile melodies have kept the stage for six-and-thirty years, and that they still charm the popular ear of France, is the best proof of his cleverness in captivating the fancy of his countrymen. The three acts kept the audience in their seats from half-past eight till one in the morning, and the applause was of the most genuine kind. The opera, it is true, was excellently performed. M. Maurel has found in the character of Shakespeare a part which suits him far better than any which he has yet attempted at the Opera Comique. He sang throughout with the most consummate skill, and was ably supported both by M. Taskin, who played Falstaff with as much talent as humour, and by Mlle. Isaac, who sung the florid music in which the Virgin Queen indulges with irreproachable finish.

* * *

Love's Labour's Lost was performed by the Society of Dramatic Students at the St. James's Theatre, London, last month. At time of going to press report of its production had not reached this side of the Atlantic, but the superior interest and stimulus which attaches to *Love's Labour's Lost* over a play like the Rev. James White's stiff antique drama, which was the last previous attempt of the society, warrants the supposition that it was much better acted and more warmly received than *The King of the Commons*.

STAGE NOTES.

Miss Fanny Davenport will play Lady Macbeth, it is said, during her next season. And Miss Rose Coghlan also proposes next season to appear in *Measure for Measure*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*.

Mr. J. H. Mack has purchased from the McCullough estate the late tragedian's play of *The Gladiator*. He will produce it next season in spectacular form, starring Robert L. Downing as Spartacus.

Two new plays recently brought out in London, both of original English authorship, have been received with such applause by the audiences and such approval by the critics that it is quite likely the American public may soon get a chance to see them here.

One, *The Schoolmistress,* by Mr. A. W. Pinero, was played at the Court Theatre. It is an extravagance beaming with innocent mirth and teeming with drolleries so extraordinarily nonsensical that the gravest critic must soon catch the infection of fun in the absurd situations and the sparkling dialogue and fall into such a resistless good-humor that he forgets to complain of the craziness of the plot and the recklessness of the characterization, In fact the play pretends to no substantial merits, but contents itself with being thoroughly excellent and polished in its line of pure and clever merriment. The Schoolmistress—played by Mrs. John Wood—passes her vacation with an opera company as Prima Donna in order to gain money to discharge the debts of an idle husband who lurks unacknowledged about the school, and who is completely under the thumb of a pack of rollicking school girls. By the most whimsical and irrepressible of the lot they are led into a train of mischief during the principal's absence. Miss Norreys takes this part like at rue Puck in petti-coats; and when the schoolmistress comes back and reproaches her flock she is disarmed by the discovery of her own exploit.

The other play, *Jim the Penman,* is dark and serious. It is written by Sir Charles Young, and was rather hopelessly given its first hearing by the managers at a matinée at the Haymarket, but its unusual merit was immediately recognized by the London papers. It is said to be a romance of modern society, a drama of action rather than of reflection. Every slight incident has a bearing on the ultimate catastrophe, the interest is progressive, the characters skilfully drawn, the story is the downward career of a forger who deceives the loving trust of wife and friend, and is pitilessly pursued by the fate of his own misdeeds. Mr. A. M. Palmer's agent is said to have bought the American right to this play within a few hours of the first performance.

Adam Bede has been dramatised by Mr. Howell Poole, a literary actor. According to Mr. Hibbert in the London *Dramatic Review* his method of procedure has been to carefully strip *Adam Bede* of every attribute that goes to make a great play, and of the material that remained to fashion a melodrama of the fifth class, terminated with Hetty's death in Adam's arms. Adam is a young village giant who wins a cup in a foot-race and drinks beer therefrom with a relish. Hetty is Minnie Palmer turned serious, and Bartle Massey, a buffoon with a comic opera "gag," now and then Mr. Poole's people speak some of George Eliot's lines—a quaint bit of philosophy falls from Adam's lips, or a smart saying from Mrs. Poyser's. It is like a gem set in tinsel.

Clito, the new play Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Sydney Grundy cooked up between them, is continued at the Princess's Theatre. The scene is laid in Athens in the days of Pericles, but it is not bound to any facts of history. In fact it is only semi-demi heroic-historical, or just historical enough to be interesting, with a flavor of Greek manners and a picturesqueness of Greek draperies. There is a patriotic young sculptor for Mr. Barrett to personate, but the graceful Antonoë, to pass per Miss Eastlake's sympathetic rendering

> With wind-blown brows unfilleted
> Where Thamis rolls his murky flood,

is a most wily, wicked, small-minded, vain and revengeful Lamia, whose enticing loveliness serves only to beguile and betray into weakness and ruin the aspiring but somewhat flabby-willed hero.

The action of this play, therefore, in spite of the free and pleasant air of old Greek days that animates it, is impelled by very ugly passions. And the uncompromising truth with which these tragical forces are represented by both Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake still more makes the play no light and taking reminiscence of Hellene days adapted to please a dilletantish populace, but a study in comparative manners, so far as Mr. Goodwin's learned stage-setting goes to make it so, and for the rest a dark, fatal and morally significant melodrama.

Clito, *Hamlet*, and *Claudian* will make up Mr. Wilson Barrett's stock of plays for his American season, which opens at the Star Theatre in New York the 11th of October.

A paragraph in the London *Illustrated News* declares on Mr. W. S. Gilbert's authority that there is no truth in the rumors that have been floating about in regard to the Egyptian Play he was preparing to succeed *The Mikado*. The new piece does not deal in any way with Egyptian or Indian affairs. It is on an English subject, date about 1810; that period having been chosen, for one reason, because the costumes of the early years of the century have never been correctly placed on the stage as they will be now.

There is a strong supernatural element in the piece, and the characters may be described as quasi-melodramatic.

Hamlet, *Othello*, and *Richard III.* were the plays represented on the boards of the Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon at the usual April anniversary performances.

A spectator, writing in the Stratford-on-Avon *Herald*, says that the plays were appropriately mounted, that the acting, generally, especially on the part of the male members of Mr. Benson's company was considerably above the average.

Shelley's *Hellas* will be played in November under the charge of the Shelley Society either at the St. James's or the Grand Theatre, London.

Mr. Stephenson's successful story, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* will be adapted to purposes of political satire with side hits at Gladstone and Chamberlain by Mr. George Grossmith, and be brought out as a play with a good deal of peculiarly British fun in it at Toole's Theatre, London.

Nord et Midi, M. Alphonse Daudet's new play, contrasts the characters and moods of Northern and Southern Frenchmen. It will not be brought out until next Autumn at the Odéon, Paris.

A translation of *The Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Charles Ghika, son of the Roumanian Minister at the Court of St. James, was produced recently at Bucharest before the Queen of Roumania, with great success.

Nearly forty years ago Frederic Lemaitre played in Auguste Vacquerie's *Tragaldabas* at the Porte-St.-Martin. The play revived quarrels between the Classicists and the Romanticists, provoked duels and made a tremendous hubbub. And now M. Porel, not content with bringing out Shakesperian fantasies, talks of reviving *Tragaldabas* at the Odéon next season.

According to the *Athenæum*, an American play has gone to England to be discovered. It is a romantic drama of the same period as *Ingomar*, written by an American professor of languages. Originally in the possession of the late John McCullough, it is now in the hands of Mr. Barnes, who proposes to produce it during the Autumn in London.

LITERARY NOTES.

The sixth edition of Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* will appear in a few weeks. The chief feature of this new edition will be the Index, upon which the author has been working for some time past, and which will render the book thoroughly complete. The work will be issued in two volumes and at a slightly advanced price than the earlier editions. It will be published through Longmans, Green and Co.

The twenty-first number of the exhaustive and admirable *Jahrbuch*, of the German Shakespeare Society, is just received. (Im auftrage des Vorstandes herausgegeben durch F. A. Leo, Weimar, '86. A. Huschke). The anniversary lecture of Herr Professor Dr. Richard Gosche, of Halle, on Shakespeare's *Ideal of the Wife and Mother*, delivered at the annual meeting of the Society in Weimar, April 23d, '85, and which was then received with universal approval, opens the volume. Then comes the yearly report, in which, after first fulfilling

the pious duty of according honorable mention to three Shakespearian scholars, Mr. R. G. White, Signor Giulio Carcano and Herr Professor Dr. Ludwig Lemke, whose labors death has concluded, Dr. Julius Thümmel summarizes briefly the prosperous condition of the society as regards its regulation, the Library and its constant growth, the membership and the finances, the two latter remaining upon the level of the preceding years, and indicating, as he says, no backward step.

A brief minute of the annual assembly of '85 is followed by essays by the Herr Professor Dr. Nicolaus Delius, on the Musical Embellishments and Stage Accessories of Shakespeare's Dramas; by Dr. Julius Thümmel, on the Allegorical element in the Plays and its significance or tendencies; by Dr. Julius Zupitza, on the relations of the Middle-English Tale of Hamelyn with *As You Like It;* by Dr. Gisbert Freiherrn Vincke, on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and on Immermann's *Hamlet;* by Dr. B. Krause, an inquiry as to the oldest text of *Midsummer Nights' Dream,* comparing the play as in the two quartos and in the first folio; by Johannes Boldt, who draws a parallel between Rosfeldt's *Moschus* and the *Merchant of Venice,* by Professor Max Koch on Marlowe's *Faust* ; by Professor Th. Vatke, on the Stage and the Public of London in Shakespeare's Time; by Dr. Albert Cohn, on English Plays at Cologne from 1592-1656.

The usual bibliography of Shakespearian literature for the year follows, with the Necrology, and Miscellany, (containing notes concerning a Servian Shylock, from a popular slavic tale, as brought to light by M. Louis Leger, Professor in the School of Oriental Languages in Paris, on a German origin for *Much Ado About Nothing,* also notes on Hamlet, and notices concerning the formation of the New York Shakespeare Society, to which is attributed zealous work in *Majorem Baconis gloriam* ; of the celebration of Shakespeare dinners peculiar to America, and of the Philadelphia Society dinner *ménus,* with their citations from *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cymbeline* (31st of December and 23d of April, '85.)

An interesting summary of statistics is given by Herr Arnim Wecksung of Shakespearian representations in German theatres from the first of January to the 31st Dec. '85. From this it follows that 773 performances of Shakespeare's play's have been held during that time, thus distributed as to the plays:

Othello was produced 109 times by 60 theatrical companies; *Hamlet,* 103 times by 56 companies; *The Taming of the Shrew,* 71 times by 49 companies; *The Merchant of Venice,* 70 times by 43 companies; *Romeo and Juliet,* 70 times by 36 companies; *Twelfth Night,* 50 times by 16 companies, (9 times in 6 places by the Meiningen company); *King Lear,* 49 times by 31 companies; *Winter's Tale,* 45 times by 13 companies (20 times in 7 places by the Meiningen company; *Much Ado about Nothing,* 45 times by 25 companies *Julius Cæsar,* 40 times by 5 companies; *Midsummer Night's Dream,*

28 times by 16 companies; *Macbeth*, 18 times by 11 companies; *Richard III.*, 26 times by 16 companies; *1. Henry IV.*, 11 times by 6 companies; *2. Henry VI.*, both parts together, 3 times by 2 companies; *Henry V.*, 6 times by 4 companies; *1. Henry VI.*, twice by 1 company; *2. Henry VI.*, twice by one company; *Richard II.*, 4 times by 3 companies; *Comedy of Errors*, 5 times by 4 companies; *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4 times by 1 company; *Coriolanus*, 4 times by 3 companies; *Pericles* once; *As You Like It*, once.

A list of additions to the Library of the Society, and a comprehensive Index to the Jahrbuchs from the first to the 21st volume concludes a book full of valuable matter.

Eighteen years after the Puritan Parliament ordered that "publike Stage-Playes shall cease and be forborne," John Downes entered Sir William Davenant's new theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields as prompter and keeper of the play-book, and 'continued so until October, 1706.' Two years later he published *Roscius Anglicanus*, the one work which supplies a history of the stage during that important interval of the renaissant growth of the drama, from the period of the Restoration to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. For many curious and interesting particulars of this interval, moreover, the record of the gossiping prompter of the Duke of York's Theatre is the only existing authority.

Now for the first time a fac-simile reprint of the rare original is published by J. W. Jarvis & Sons, 28 King William Street, Strand, London.

The first edition was "extremely scarce" when Waldron printed, in 1789, a second edition with notes by Garrick's biographer Davies, and by himself. This also, in turn, has grown rare, and collectors and students of theatrical history will be glad to possess the slim, dainty little volume, vellum-bound and gilt-lettered, of which a limited number (135) of copies, numbered and signed, is now issued. Its editor, Mr. Joseph Knight, dramatic critic of *The Athenaeum*, has further enriched it with a preface which sums up and illumines many points of special value. What he says of the historical interest of *The Siege of Rhodes*, the first dramatic performance given after Cromwell's concession for the performance of *Declamation and Musick after the Manner of the Ancients*; of the introduction of scenery made for it by Mr. John Web, predecessor of modern stage machinists; and of the appearance of Mrs. Coleman, 'the first English Actress who ever chaunted (not spoke) on the English Stage,' is tempting matter to quote.

And this, with the addition of many corrections of inaccuracies in the original, the application in its proper connection of a letter from Davenant to the Lord Keeper, Sir Whitelock Bulstrode, never before printed in any account of the stage, together with the fac-simile reprint of the Ordinance of 1642 for the suppression of stage plays, which is appended, all goes to make this particular edition of *Roscius*

Anglicanus a completer Thesaurus of facts in the history of the revival of the stage that may be found in any other volume.

A volume of verse, *Toute la Lyre* was published on the anniversary of Hugo's death.

Mr. Austin Brereton's *Dramatic Annual*, a summary of the stage events of the past season in London, is in press for speedy publication.

Mr. Wm. Archer the well-known British Dramatic Critic has issued from the press of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, a volume with this inscription for the title-page,—*About the Theatre, being Studies and Essays of Things Theatrical.*

The eleventh volume of *Les Annals du Théâtre* issued under the direction of M. Edmond Stoullig, the brilliant editor of the *Revue d'art dramatique*, and of M. Edward Noël, is just published in Paris. It gives the history of the drama for the year 1885. The preface is contributed by M. Charles Gounod. In it he considers rapidly and pointedly a number of questions which interest the theatres in general and in particular the lyric stage, and he dares to rally certain musicians for whom he says, musical art is the art of combining tones in a manner painful to the ear and fatiguing to the mind. Only the famous can be so bravely conservative.

Mrs. Dall's convenient summary of Shakespearian information, condensed from trustworthy sources, has been carefully revised and put into a second edition. Such alterations are made at no small pains, but this hand-book (*What we Really Know about Shakespeare*, Roberts Bros., Boston.) stands thereby freed from misprints, and the author may be congratulated, not only on the conclusion of her work, but also on the scrupulousness that prompted the revision. The changes made scarcely affect the matter, though on page sixty-nine it may be noted that the distinction accorded, in the first edition, to that obscure Virginian grave-stone, which too long held undue prominence as the rumored record of "one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare", has been wisely tempered in this second edition.

MISCELLANY.

The following report from Stratford-on-Avon was crowded out of the the last number of SHAKESPEARIANA, but the news contained in it is thought of permanent enough interest to deserve this late insertion.

The annual meeting of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, held in the library of the Memorial Building at Stratford-on-Avon, is particularly interesting in its announcement of the satisfactory results of its eleven years work. The Association is now free from debt, and through the munificence of Mr. Flower can advance in the future with the confident step a secure income warrants.

Mr. Charles E. Flower, the chairman of the Executive Council presided at the meeting. Among others present were:—Mr. A. Hodgson C.M.G. (Mayor), Mr. James Cox, Mr. Edgar Flower, Mr. R. M. Bird, Mr. J. Morgan, Mr. W. Hutchings, Mr. C. Lowndes (secretary), etc.—The report, read by the Secretary, stated that Miss Anderson's donation of £100. would be devoted to filling in with terra-cotta reliefs the two large panels on the library facade, the subjects to be "Tragedy" and "Comedy." The panels were nearly completed. The gateway and fencing in front of the Memorial had recently been finished, and latterly the grounds south of the buildings had been levelled and laid down. The number of volumes presented to the library during the year was three hundred and seventy-four, exclusive of a number of plays, Shakespearian pamphlets, and some valuable framed engravings. Among the more special gifts to be noted was a handsome presentation of twenty-nine volumes from Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., and numerous works from the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury.—The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, remarked that, for the first time in the history of the Memorial scheme, the fund was now out of debt. With the exception of some interior decoration, the buildings were quite completed; the whole of the debt has been paid off, and they had a small balance on the right side at the banker's. (Applause.) The report was unanimously adopted.—The Mayor said he had an important resolution to introduce. He had carefully gone through the reports, and found that, with recent donations, Mr. C. E. Flower had given altogether to the Memorial project £22,700. The Memorial, as they

knew, had not a very large sum of money, and such munificence from one donor was almost without parallel. (Hear, hear.) But that was not all, the donation of £22,700. did not include the site of the buildings and gardens, which were also presented by Mr. Flower. The Mayor, in conclusion, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Flower for his handsome gift of £22,700. and the site, and offering the congratulations of the governors that the Memorial buildings were finished and out of debt. The motion was seconded by Mr. J. Cox and carried with acclamation.—In acknowledgment, Mr. C. E. Flower said he had assisted the project to the best of his ability, and he was glad to know that the work, although it had been a long time about, was now finished. He said that, as a final gift, he had decided to present to the association a row of houses opposite the Theatre, the rents of which would be available for the maintenance of the buildings in prepetuity. Should there be any over-plus, it could be applied towards the other objects of the Memorial. (Applause.) According to the Executive Committee's report nearly 14,000 persons paid for admission to the poet's birthplace during the year and subscribed their names in the visitors' book, besides the crowds of sightseers on bank holidays. The expenditure during the year amounted to £726 5s. 10d. Over £2500 was invested in consols. The committee having had an offer of valuable deeds of lease and release of New-place from Sir John Clopton to Hugh Clopton, dated January, 1699, they had purchased the same at an agreed price.

Prominent among the Holeman Hunt pictures recently on exhibition in Bond Street, London, were "Claudio and Isabella," from *Measure for Measure*, and "Valentine and Sylvia," from the *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "Claudio and Isabella" was first exhibited in 1853. Walter H. Durrell, a young artist long since dead, was the model for Claudio, and the scene represented is the upper prison in the Lollard's tower at Lambeth. The Valentine of "Valentine and Sylvia," painted about the same time, but exhibited two years earlier, is said to be the noblest likeness extant of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Miss Siddall, afterwards Rossetti's wife, sat for Sylvia, and the background was Knole Park as it looked on a November day in 1850.

Shakespeare furnishes themes for two recent pictures.

> Eyes, look your last;
> Arms take your last embrace; and, lips, O you
> The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
> A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
>
> —*Romeo and Juliet*, V, iii, 112.

inspires M. Maignan's striking canvas in the Paris Salon, and the clown singing in the palace before the Duke.

> Come away, come away, death
> And in sad cypress let me be laid.
>
> —*T. N. I.*, iv, 52.

is illustrated in a water-color by Wallis, now on view at the exhibition in London of the Society of Painters in Water Color.

Apropos of the Booth–Salvini English Italian engagement, a writer in the New York *Theatre* recalls the first polyglot performance of *Othello* in this country. This occurred nineteen years ago at the old Winter-Garden Theatre in New York, the site of which is now occupied by the Grand Central Hotel. Herr Bogumil Dawison, the German actor, appeared as a German-speaking Othello with Booth as Iago, and Mme. Methua-Scheller as a Desdemona capable of speaking German with Othello and English with Iago. Her happy-go-lucky translations of Shakespeare into German and her frequent confusion of actors, which misled her into addressing Booth in German, and Bogumil in English, together with the demoralization and bewilderment of the hastily summoned company, as unsatisfactory as such scratch companies always are, turned the tragedy into a kind of international farce, in spite of the ability of Booth and Bogumil.

Mr. Donnelly's discovery of the Shakespeare cipher, according to the last advices from Minnesota, made known to the public through Mr. Wallace's article in the *Nineteenth Century* (reprinted in the June SHAKESPEARIANA) has awakened much criticism.

In his *Notes on Books* in the *New York Tribune*, Mr. G. W. Smalley says: Mr. Donnelly has looked into the First Folio and discovered that it is an ill-printed volume distinguished by "irregular paging, arbitrary italicising, meaningless bracketing and senseless hyphenation." He was also struck with the strange use of capital letters." The remark is irresistible that the First Folio must have been the first book of the period that Mr. Donnelly ever did look into. Books of the seventeenth century abound in the peculiarities which so struck our Minnesota Baconian, and on which or out of which he has set himself to construct a theory and a cipher. * * *

If there is one thing, says his expositor, in which printers are careful, it is the paging of the work they do. If there is one thing, I answer, in which printers of the seventeenth century were careless, it was their paging. It is almost idle to give instances, but they may be new to Mr. Donnelly, and he shall have his idol Bacon as an example. The first book I take up is the first edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Literature*, published in 1604. The pages are not numbered; the leaves are; each of the two books separately and neither correctly. I opened at leaf 69 of the second book. The next is 70, the next after that 70, then follow 71, 70 again, 72, 74, 73, 74, 75, 69, 77, 78, 79, 80, then 77 again, then 74 twice, then 69 twice, then 82, 87, 79, 89. So much for careful paging. The signatures and catchwords are correct; the paging is what you see. If Mr. Donnelly has an equally good case throughout, and equally wide knowledge of the typographical eccentricities of the century in which he is working, his new con-

tribution to the Baconian absurdity will be one of the curiosities of literature. Perhaps it would interest him to know, in passing, that the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* (1667) is not paged at all.

SHAKESPEARIANA's valued contributor, Mr. W. H. Wyman, in a letter to the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*, also notes how usual irregular pagination was in books of that date, and further calls attention to the 'mechanical impossibility' of the Donnelly theory, from the point of view that would naturally be taken by a printer and proof-reader. Now let us see, he says, what there is in this irregular pagination.

In the Folio, in the Table of Contents, ("A Catalogue," &c.) the plays are divided as follows: Comedies, pages 1 to 304; Histories, 1 to 205; and Tragedies, 1 to 369. So far from this being forced, this is a perfectly natural and appropriate division. That it is so, is shown by the fact that it has been followed almost exactly ever since, including the modern editions.

Leaving out of consideration the commonplace errors in paging, of which there are quite a number, but which are immaterial, involving only a page or so at a time, the general paging of the Folio is correct with these exceptions: In the Histories, the paging of 67 to 100 is duplicated, the first series ending with *Henry IV.*, and the second commencing with *Henry V.* In the Tragedies, in *Hamlet*, page 156 is followed by 257, there being no intermediate numbers. *Troilus and Cressida* is sandwiched between the Histories and Tragedies, commencing with page 77, paged on to 80, and there the paging of the play ceases. The insertion of this play would seem to be an afterthought, as it is not included in the catalogue (or table of contents,) as are all the others. It is in nowise connected with the rest of the book. This is clearly shown by the "signatures," the printer's mark to guide the binder, which bear no relation to the rest of the volume.

Nothing could be gained if a cipher is to be partially based on this pagination, by leaving all but four of the pages of *Troilus and Cressida* without numbers. As to the rest, they appear to be very ordinary blunders. After printing *Henry IV.* by some means the printer lost his count, and instead of commencing *Henry VI.* with 101, he went back to 67. In *Hamlet* he skipped an even hundred pages, erroneously inserting the figure 2, making it 257, when it should have been 157—a mistake very liable to be made.

And if it is clear, as it seems to us it is: First, that the division into comedies, histories and tragedies was the only appropriate one; and, second, that the irregular paginations are simple blunders of the printer and nothing else, it disposes entirely of the basis and groundwork of a cipher which is founded entirely upon that pagination. * *

It must be recollected that this is in no sense such a mystery as Miss Bacon believed in—a system of philosophy underlaying the ap-

parently plain text of the plays—meaningless then, but framed so as to be understood by a more advanced age. If such a philosophy were to be concealed, it could be elaborated and interwoven with the text in the leisure and quiet of the author's study. Not so, however, with a cipher of this class. Mr. Donnelly says :

> I drew the conclusion that the plays had been written originally with the cipher in them for insertion in an intended folio edition written on sheets that would correspond with a folio page, and then in getting up the folio of 1623 the arrangement had been recast.

Again :

> He [Bacon] first, I think, wrote his secret story, then he proceeded to arrange it by the cipher, scattering the words around according to an inflexible rule. He then had the skeleton of a play—words dotted and peppered all over the pages. Then he took his play and proceeded to adjust it to these cipher words.

The above seem to be a simple impossibility. A page of the folio (when without blank spaces) consists of sixty-six lines to the column or one hundred and thirty-two to the page. It would take nearly five pages of ordinary manuscript to make a page of the printed folio, or two and a half to make one of the columns which form each page. A sheet of manuscript that would correspond to the folio page, if in ordinary handwriting, would be twice as broad and more than twice as long as an ordinary sheet. In Lord Bacon's usual handwriting it would require even a much larger sheet. (See the fac-simile in the *Promus*). We may admit that it is possible by taking a sheet large enough to do this when the page is unbroken blank verse, and can be copied line for line. But comparatively few are of that class. Most of the pages in the Folio are broken by prose passages, stage directions, &c. ; and no author, even if he were a printer, could calculate with any exactness as to where the type would make an ending of the printed page ; or, in consequence, from what point to commence his computations. More than that, if a page of print were made up to end arbitrarily to correspond to manuscript, its make-up would show it, which the page does not.

This does not take into consideration the extreme difficulty, if not impossibility of writing a play to match certain cipher words "dotted and peppered" over a page of manuscript. It is possible that Bacon's genius was equal to that, but it is not possible that it was equal to inducing the printer of that or any other day to follow copy with sufficient exactness, in all these details of italics, capitals, hyphens and brackets, for the requirements of the cipher. The type could not be made to do it, and the corrections in the proof would be interminable. Of the nicety required, we give Mr. Donnelly's own testimony (note the passages that we italicize), as quoted by Mr. Wallace in a recent article. Writing of the slowness of the process of elucidating his cipher :

It can not be hastily or perfunctorily performed; the *miscounting of a word, the reckoning of a hyphen too little, or a letter too much, will throw out the count for pages* and break the thread of discovery.

The only other way in which the introduction of such a cipher would be possible would be to insert it in each separate page after the page was in type and numbered, that is, from the proof sheets; and any one who has ever put a page of matter in type, or read the proof of one, can imagine the ponderousness of this task.

Observe the process. First, the author of this cipher must have a printed and numbered page before him. Then, taking into account of the number each of italicized words, brackets and hyphens—reducing the number or adding more, as the exigencies of the cipher may require—he proceeds by his various mathematical processes to locate his key words. Perhaps there are three of these on differeut parts of the page, and of course it involves the rewriting of the parts in which they occur. Even when these are inserted, he is not through with it. Another proof and more computations will then be necessary to verify its correctness, for the non-insertion of a hyphen, or a word more or less within brackets would throw out of gear this complex and wonderful piece of machinery, and the cipher would be lost. Nor could the inspection cease until it was finally on the press. Even at that stage, a hyphen dropping out of the form, broken off or even blurred in printing would ruin it.

If the author trusts to inserting the cipher in manuscript—"dotted and peppered"—the mathematical processes must be gone through with to lead up to the key-words—with the additional labor of going over it again in the printer's proof.

It may be claimed that such a cipher is not mechanically impossible. But it is so practically, if not absolutely, and no one who attempted it would have the courage or patience to carry it beyond the first page on which he tried the experiment. * * *

Another difficulty in the way of inserting a cipher with any certainly or regularity. is found in the fact that the material in the printing offices of 1623 was so limited in extent that very few pages could possibly be in type at once. It is not clear from the "signatures" as to the exact manner in which it was printed, but there is every probability that one page went to the press at a time.

It was printed with what is known as an "inset," and is a question yet between printers as to how many pages were printed at once —but certainly there were very few, if more than one. This is an interesting point for the professional printer to examine.

A DROLL DIALOGUE; Or, THE EDITOR'S ANGLE.

IN ONE SCENE—WITH A MORAL.

Editor Shakespeariana.—I' the name of jesting!
Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Tw. N.* II, v.]
(*Enter General Reader*)
Hola! stand there, [*Othello* I, ii.]
I desire more acquaintance with you. [*Merry Wives* II, ii.]
Reader.—To what effect? [*Julius Cæsar* I, ii.]
Editor.—The effect of your own purpose, [*M. for M.* II, i.]
That highly may advantage thee, [*Titus And.* V, i.]
As to your soul seems good.
Reader.—What advancement may I hope from thee? [*Ham.* III, ii.]
Editor.—The bettering of thy mind, [*Temp.* I, ii.]
By author's pen or actor's voice, [*Pro., Troil. and Cr.*]
Contemplative in living art, of him [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
Who had the dialect and different skill
To catch all passions in his craft of will. [*A Lover's Comp.*]
Reader.—What mean you by that saying? [*T. G. of Ver.* V, iv.]
Editor.—Marry, sir, here's my drift; [*Ham.* II, i.]
Let your study be, SHAKESPEARE;—
If my instructions may be your guide [*M. for M.* IV, ii.]
Account me your servant to study deserving, [*W. T., and Lear.*]
And now subscribe your names, [*L. L. L.* I, i.]
To make this contract grow. [*Temp.* IV, i.]

SHAKESPEARIANA collects Shakespearian news, publishes reprints of pertinent foreign articles, original criticisms, reviews and literary notes. Under THE DRAMA will be found Home and Foreign Notes of all important representations of the Shakespearian and classic drama. Under STAGE NOTES and GOSSIP more attention will be given than hitherto to the Plays and Players of to-day, SHAKESPEARIANA having it in mind, wherever fit opportunity offers, to bring the Stage and the Study into closer relation, and to strengthen the bonds that unite the Classic Drama with what is best and most promising inthe Modern Theatre.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.—In October SHAKESPEARIANA proposes to open its scheme for the *common study of Shakespeare.* A plan for the organization of a Shakespeare Society will first be given, followed by a specimen plan of study upon a given play. This general plan being established, it is thought similar plans for study of other plays might be supplied by the more able societies, in turn, as nominated. It is hoped that all Societies may be induced to join, at the same time in studying the same play, following the general plan as far as convenient to the end that all efforts, slight or great, of the humblest student or the accomplished scholar, may contribute to the growth of sound literary appreciation and criticism, and to the enlargement of the common mental wealth.

☞ SHAKESPEARIANA invites immediate correspondence upon this project, from Shakespearian students and Shakespeare Societies throughout the land, and asks their co-operation in the institution and carrying out of this scheme.

ALL COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS, LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS; ALL PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS, STUDENTS, READERS AND LOVERS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; ALL PLAYERS, PLAYWRIGHTS AND PLAY-GOERS——NEED SHAKESPEARIANA.

☞ FOR SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES SHAKESPEARIANA IS INDISPENSABLE. ☜

SHAKESPEARIANA IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY,
1104 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PRICE: 15 CENTS A NUMBER; $1.50 A YEAR.

LOTTA AND HER MOTHER.

A newspaper reporter recently passing along Broad Street, in Philadelphia, overheard the following dialogue between two coachmen, sitting in their boxes, whips and reins in hand, at the curb in front of the Lafayette Hotei:

"Did you see that liitle woman jumping into that coupe?"

"Well, what of it?"

"What of it? Why, that is the great Mrs. Crabtree, mother of the famous actress, Lotta!"

This brief conversation led the reporter to look in the direction of a vehicle rapidly moving along the centre of the street, when a smile and nod of recognition came from the lady, to whom an iutroduction had once been given, but, without knowing the relationship or anything more of her than her name—the name had almost been forgotten. Now, there was a suggestion of a newsy article in the dialogue just listened to, and a call was at once made on one of the hotel attaches—one of the courteous kind—who knowing many people and many things of interest about them, are always willing to communicate. Questions, the reporter's privilege, developed a series of facts of interest to the public, chief of which was that Mrs. Crabtree is a thorough-going business women, and that her ability as a manager has been one of the chief factors in the phenomenal success which Lotta has attained. She is a lady of wide culture and intelligence, and, having spent much of her time in travel, she has broad views of men and things. Mrs. Crabtree is a woman of great wealth; she invests her means in all parts of the country. Just now she is investing a large amouut of money about fifty miles from New York City in the beautiful Highlands of New Jersey. The mansion and grounds are calculated as the home for Miss Lotta and her mother when they shall retire from public life. The long, low, rambling edifice is to be called "The Ranch," and will be furnished regardless of cost, every atricle to be of American manufacture. Lotta and her mother are devoted to each other, and they are each other's inseparable companions. They are great favorites among all the people about this hotel. As to Mrs. Crabtree's knowledge of the stage and its demands. She counsels with no one but Lotta, making good the reverse of the adage, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." Her tactics are calculated to attract the attention of the public at all times in ways it least expects, and so she is constantly investigating new fields to further her work. One of her cardinal beliefs is that health leads to prosperity and wealth. When Lotta was indisposed about two years ago, it was through the researches of Mrs. Crabtree that she was taken from her physicians in New York and brought for treatment to Philadelphia. She often speaks of the wonderful restoration of Miss Lotta, which prevented disaster to her company and a great pecuniary loss to themselves.

It was at the residence of Mrs. James H. Heverin (wife of the eminent counselor-at-law) that the little lady was found. She was spending the day there with Mrs. Heverin, who is one of her special friends. A cordial welcome was given, and in the presence of her hostess, after the usual formalities of a visit were complied with, the subject of her health and the means of its restoration were broached, and she was asked to tell the story.

"Oh! yes," she responded, "most gladly. You may remember the terrible sore throat I had two years ago—that it baffled the skill of my New York physicians? After burning my throat and positively prohibiting my appearance before an audifor an umlimited time, I was promised great things if I would try the 'Compound Oxygen,' so I immediately came to Philadelphia, and put myself under the care of Drs. Starkey and Palen"

"Then you do not favor burning the throat or any of the methods usually resorted to?"

"No. I think it a harsh and cruel treatment, and it cannot be long before Compound Oxygen will come to the rescue of all the profession."

"Drs Starkley & Palen claim that the health obtained by the Compound Oxygen Treatment is as genuine and permanent as one's original health. Does your experience confirm that opinion?"

"Yes, it most certainly does. I have not been sick an hour since I used the Oxygen. My mother has also been greatly benefitted by the use of the Oxygen, and is as great an enthusiast and imparts fresh life to every part of the body. In my profession I am always studying from nature. I observe the expressions, gestures, and many ways of the various people with whom I meet, and find that my power of observation has grown more acute and discriminating since my treatment with the Oxygen in the voice alone there is a most preceptible gain. Long and sustained notes have become easy, and whether talking or singing I find in now no labor. Persons who sing or talk much on stage or platform feel a certain amount of exhaustion at the end of the season, and to them the use of the Compound Oxygen would be of great value."

"When the life-blood has made the circuit of the arteries and veins—before re-entering the heart, to be started on its circuit anew—it spreads over the surface of the air-cells of the lungs— a a surface greater in area than the exterior covering of the body. Here the air inhaled by the lungs meets it, changing its color to crimson and imparting to it new vitality. *Hee kindly Nature has been ever a Healer and Repairer;* here modern science finds the proper place to help Nature in the most effective way. Taking the fact that the usual proportions of the mixture of the elements of the atmosphere are the proportions exactly adapted to the needs of the average body in health, and seeing that an extra effort is needed for the sick to repair the waste of vital force in the blood, a different proportion is made in a mixture of the atmospheric elements—a lesser quantity of Nitrogen is put with a larger portion of Oxygen. When this 'Compound Oxygen' is used, the blood enters the heart with increased vitality. That organ receives a portion of that vitality from the blood in its passage, and sends it forth with more force and less wear to itself; the vital currents leave on their circuit new deposits of vital force in every cell of tissue over which they pass and return again to the lungs for a new supply. This simple statement is a rational explanation of the greatest advance that medical science has yet made."

"*Compound Oxygen—its Mode of Action and Results*" is the title of a volume of nearly two hundred pages, published by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., which gives to all inquirers full information as to this remarkable curative agent and a large record of surprising cures in a wide range of chronic cases—many of them after being abandoned to die by other physicians. It will be mailed free to any address on application.